

The Sketch



No. 619.—VOL. XLVIII.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1904.

SIXPENCE.



THE LATEST PORTRAITS OF THEIR MAJESTIES THE KING AND QUEEN.

Photograph by Lafayette, Bond Street, W.



"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND"

The Sketch Office,
Monday, Dec. 5.

I AM anxious, now that December has come round again, to say some severe things about the vice—the growing vice—of speech-making. Though no statistician, yet I have managed to calculate that something like one thousand speeches are delivered in London every night. My reckoning includes public dinners, public meetings, private dinners, debating societies, and, of course, the House of Commons when sitting. Think of it! One thousand speeches every night, and nine hundred and ninety-nine of those orators making fools of themselves. Sunday, happily enough, brings a lull, yet even on that blest day the playgoers' clubs do their best to keep the gas hissing.

The sudden growth of this flabby vice is due, I fancy, to the American invasion. Fate has not yet allowed me to visit the States, but I have had opportunities of studying my cousins—more particularly the masculine species—on this side. As a result of that observation, I have found that the average American has two mediums of expression: either he talks his own delightful slang, or he employs the stilted phraseology of a handbook on etiquette. The former is hardly propitious to conversation; the latter is speech-making, tedious and involved. Don't you remember the American comedian who was with us a season or two ago? He thought nothing of stopping the performance while he addressed the audience in a few popular platitudes. Again, there is an American diplomat in our midst of whom men never make mention without alluding to his after-dinner speeches. Small wonder that, noting the leniency extended to the American orator, the diminished Englishman has begun to emulate him.

Unfortunately, however, the Englishman is not a success as a speaker. To him the mode of expression is wholly unnatural. His speeches, consequently, are forced and unconvincing. He speaks not because he has anything to say, but for the reason that he wishes to advertise himself and please obscure people. That he gains an advertisement nobody will deny, but, as a rule, it is the kind of advertisement that will eventually prove outrageously expensive. As for the obscure people, they laugh a little, criticise a little, shrug their shoulders, and search for their cloak-room tickets.

Consider for a moment the case of the author who dabbles in oratory. I have heard after-dinner speeches from many of our most famous authors, and every one of them, as far as I remember, proved so woefully disappointing that I experienced, as I listened, a sense of personal loss. An image, self-impelled, had fallen from its pedestal, and the fragments lay scattered here and there amid the debris of a seven-and-sixpenny meal. It is always a marvel to me that any man who has the privilege of addressing his audience from the sweet seclusion of a country study should think it worth while to expose himself to the insolent gaze of a gorged crowd and place himself at a further disadvantage by mumbling out a string of half-considered thoughts in a series of hastily-selected phrases. Yet they do it night after night until the error becomes a habit and the habit develops into a vice.

Dramatists, of course, are rarer birds than novelists. It is for this reason partly that they are more disappointing as orators, but also because the quality of their speeches is poorer. The novelist, after all, acquires a certain fluency of thought; the dramatist, on the other hand, is accustomed to express himself in situations rather than in phrases. It is pitiful, truly, to see him shifting from foot to foot and picking at his bread while he flounders through the conventional pleas for a State-aided theatre. The old-fashioned daily papers report him at length; the weekly papers comment more or less adversely

upon his remarks; he is chaffed a little in the theatrical clubs, and then the matter drops. The net result of the speech is that the curious have been pampered and the dramatist has lost a point in the game. Luckily for his purse and his prestige, the dramatist is not allowed to address the audience after the first performance of his play. That onerous task is nobly undertaken by the actor-manager, who feels himself better able to bandy quips with the gallery, and give the critics a lead by praising the play. An actor-manager, one knows, is a man of the world and a man of business; for all that, he has yet to learn that nothing annoys the critic so much as to be assured from the stage that the play is a masterpiece and that the reception has been magnificent.

With the speeches of politicians I do not propose to deal. I never read them, and I strongly resent the amount of space devoted to such efforts in the Public Press. The custom is indefensible, either on the score of public importance or public demand. A leading politician's diatribes on Mr. Chamberlain's Fiscal Policy, for example, generally occupy four or five columns of the more bulky morning journals. A volume of verse by Mr. Kipling is dealt with in one column. Yet the speech is a purely ephemeral thing, while the verses by Mr. Kipling are destined to influence the character and mould the thought of English men and women for, let us say, twenty years. It may be urged in reply that Mr. Kipling's books are their own record, while the leading politician's speeches would perish everlastingly were it not for the newspaper reports. I may point out, however, that, failing the newspapers, the modern politician would certainly employ his own shorthand-writer.

As for women speakers, they are too ridiculous for type. I do not know, really, whether I detest more the audible or the inaudible woman speaker. The latter is preferable, perhaps, since she has apparently preserved some trace of feminine modesty. The former, moreover, renders more painfully evident the fact that women who speak in public rely entirely upon badly-disguised platitudes and a total lack of humour. (I am alluding, of course, to those women speakers who do not possess indulgent brothers or browbeaten husbands.) When they happen to be speaking on a controversial subject, they generally invite discussion—especially from the male section of the audience. Heaven help the poor male, however, who is rash enough to take the invitation seriously. Discussion, from the point of view of the woman speaker, means congratulation. Woe be, I say, to the misguided man who meets their arguments with sound reasoning. He will soon discover that he has earned for himself the indignation of the lady who has implored him to speak, and the utter contempt of all the other women in the room. As for the men, they may sympathise with him in secret; outwardly, though, the cowards will make a mock of the silly fellow, in the hope of winning the approbation of their wives and sweethearts. Very earnestly, therefore, do I advise the male logician to beware of the female orator.

Of other speakers, the scientist is incoherent, the journalist diffuse, the parson heavy, the soldier didactic, the sailor disjointed, the diplomatist cold-blooded, the barrister hyper-fluent, the schoolmaster tyrannical, the millionaire diffident, the humourist reminiscent. They are all first-rate fellows so long as they lean back in their chairs, puff their cigars, and chatter in undertones. They are all bores, I fear, when they endeavour to make a speech.

By the way, have you ever noticed that, out of all the professions, the only people who never attempt to make speeches are musicians and doctors? Musicians are too refined, of course, and doctors too sensible. At any rate, here's their jolly good health! It's a comfort to know for certain that they won't reply.

THE ADVENT OF CHRISTMAS—AND THE GENIAL CYNIC.



SKETCHES BY RALPH CLEAVER.

THE CLUBMAN.

The Japanese Sword-Charge—Life in Morocco—The "Caroline."

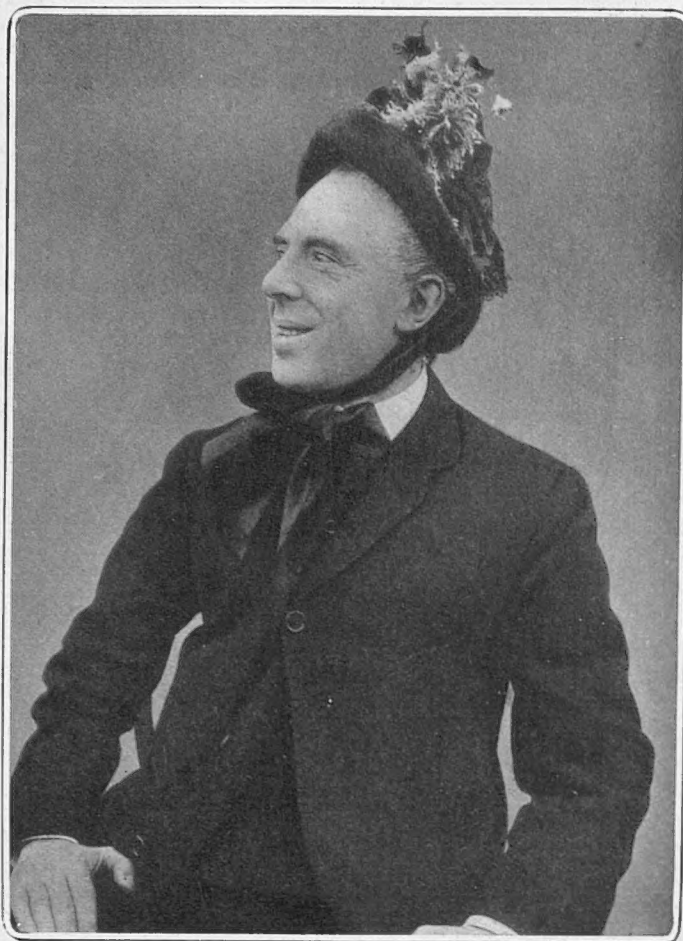
ONE of the complaints I hear from the battle-painters whom I meet now and again is that war is so unpicturesque nowadays that a picture of any engagement since khaki became universal is not one which a virtuoso is likely to buy. Japan has come to the rescue. The charges of swordsmen led by two Generals against the trenches at Port Arthur ought to appeal to our English Meissoniers and Flamands, for it must have been a splendid sight.

I should expect these dauntless swordsmen to be the sons of those valiant Samurai who supported the lost cause of the Tycoon, and who stripped swords for the last time in the days of the Satsuma rebellion. Their crowning charge was shown on the stage of His Majesty's in "The Darling of the Gods," but they really charged downhill, not up. I was in Japan a few years after the great rebellion of the 'seventies, and, travelling over the great mountain-road, the jinricksha coolies, some of whom had served as soldiers in the Mikado's army, used to tell tales of the final great fight for a pass, and of the valour of the men who died there.

The soldiers fought their way up a pass which was like a staircase flanked by stone breastworks. The little men with rifles and bayonets crept up from wall to wall, and the defenders of each heap of stones, disregarding the shower of lead which met them, charged home with the long, keen swords, killed their men, and then died on the bayonets of the reinforcements. The forlorn hope of a Japanese attack would always, if permitted, choose the sword as their "arme blanche," for round it most of the traditions of heroic Japan centre.

In any European cathedral, the most sacred object in the treasury is a bone or an eye, a ring or a scrap of vestment of some saint. In all the great Japanese temples the most cherished relic is the sword of some great hero. All these swords have titles, "The Dragon's Sting," or some such name, indicating their deadly sharpness. When a fine sword was forged in olden days in Japan, the workshop became a sacred place; a tasselled cord of straw, such as is seen in wayside temples, was stretched between two bamboo posts, and, for the supreme moment when the steel edge was welded on to the iron

diplomacy and the black "claw-hammer" dress-coat. We in England occasionally see these gorgeous robes, for when Japanese jugglers or acrobats first come upon the stage of our variety theatres at a performance they always are wearing a splendid outer robe with "wings" at the shoulders. After they have made their bow to the audience, they withdraw and take off their outer garment, reappearing



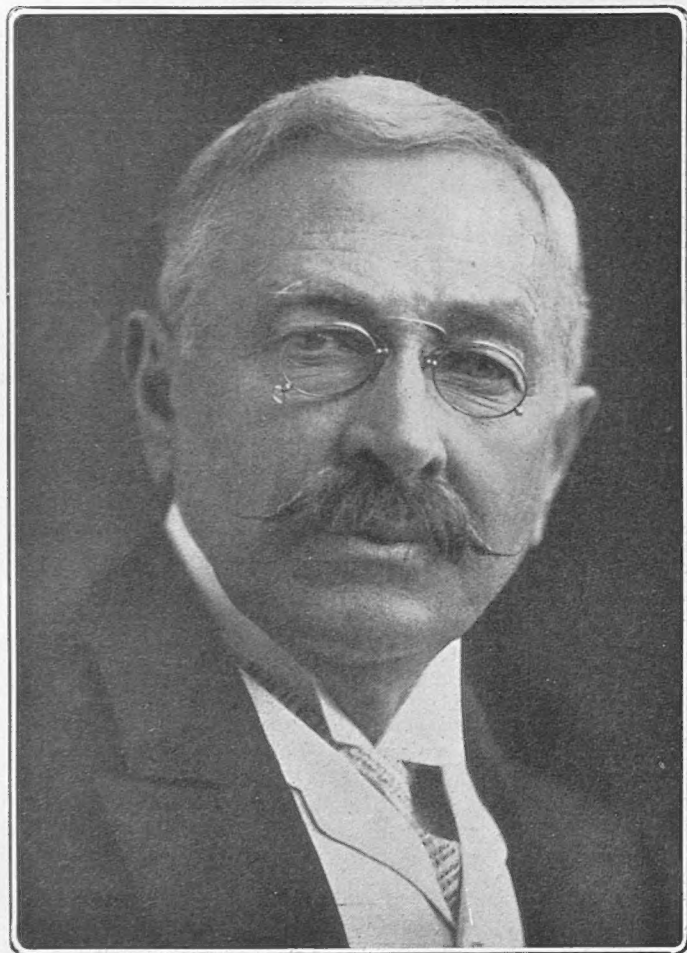
MR. HARRY FRAGON,

THE WELL-KNOWN PARISIAN MUSIC-HALL COMEDIAN, WHO IS ENGAGED FOR THE PANTOMIME AT DRURY LANE NEXT YEAR.

in their professional garb. The outer garment is the old Court-costume, and the little ceremony of the performers' entrance and obeisance is a continuance of the custom always observed in past days when a performance was given at Court or in the castles of the great Daimios.

The Moorish farcical comedy still continues. Last week the cavalry were the heroes; this week the infantry have had their turn. The house which Mr. Harris, the *Times* Correspondent, has built outside Tangier is a beautiful villa decorated with carving and with those splendid tiles with metallic reflections of which the old Moors had the secret, a secret which has been lost. The gardens which surround the villa are a dream of roses and palms. Naturally enough, Mr. Harris does not wish to hand over this paradise to the robbers who swarm in the neighbourhood. The Moorish Government gave him some soldiers to guard the house. These heroes lay quiet and allowed the robbers to bind them. Mr. Harris, with the help of a telephone, frightened off the thieves, and the soldiers, unbound by the armed burglars before their departure, ran away and hid in the garden.

There must be at least one sleepy clerk at the Admiralty, for, no doubt, the very important letter which Messrs. Yarrow sent, informing the authorities of the purchase of the *Caroline* from their yard, can never have reached the eye of any of the higher officials. I have had in my time some experience, both from within and without, of public offices, and I believe that, when we start periodically to reform one or another of the public offices, we usually begin at the wrong end—at the top and not at the bottom. It is in the lowest grades of all that the most red-tape is used. Directly a document gets to the higher spheres it passes on very quickly. One great official walks across a passage, letter in hand, to the room of another great official, and in two minutes an important question which has taken a week to rise through various formalities to their notice is settled. The men who put mystic figures on letters received, and enter the receipt of the letters in books, and start a "file," with a précis to accompany it, and mark the whole "So-and-so's Department," and put it into a basket to go leisurely on its next stage of the journey—these are generally the gentlemen who allow a letter to slumber for a day or two when telegraph instruments should have been set ticking and special messengers should have sped as fast as trains could carry them.



MR. ADOLF BECK: A NEW PORTRAIT.

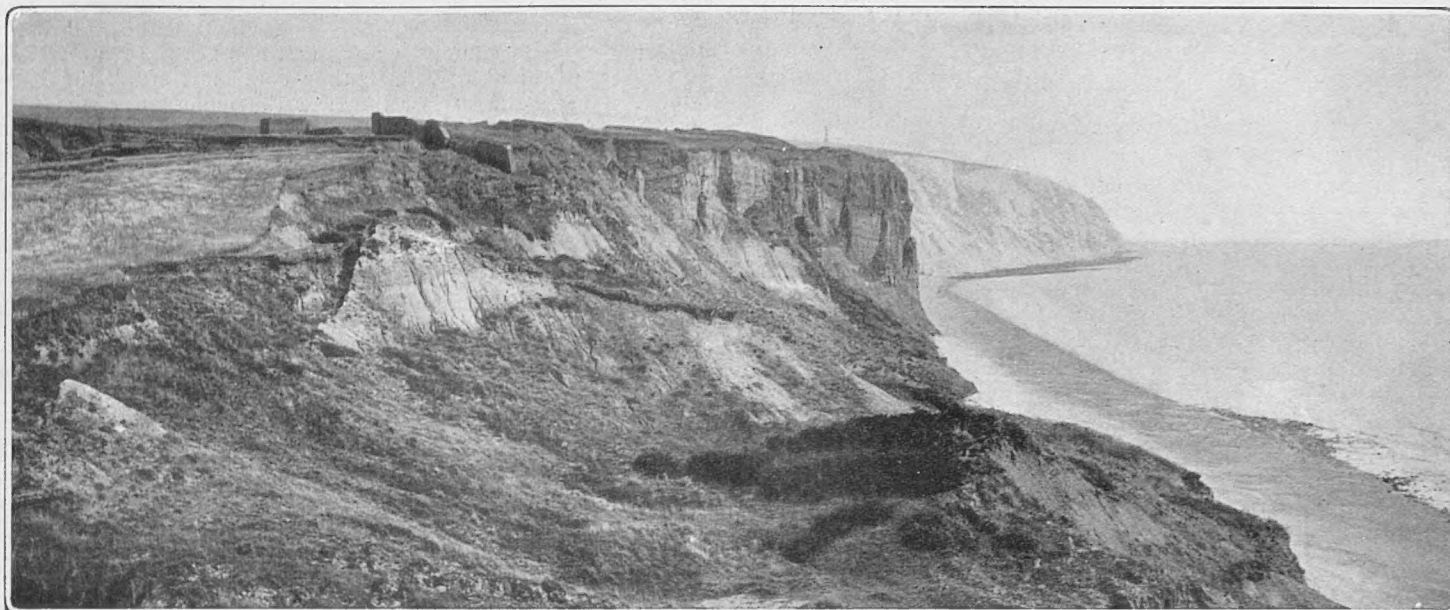
Taken by Beresford.

blade, the armourer put on the cap and robes worn by the Kuge, the nobles of the Mikado's Court.

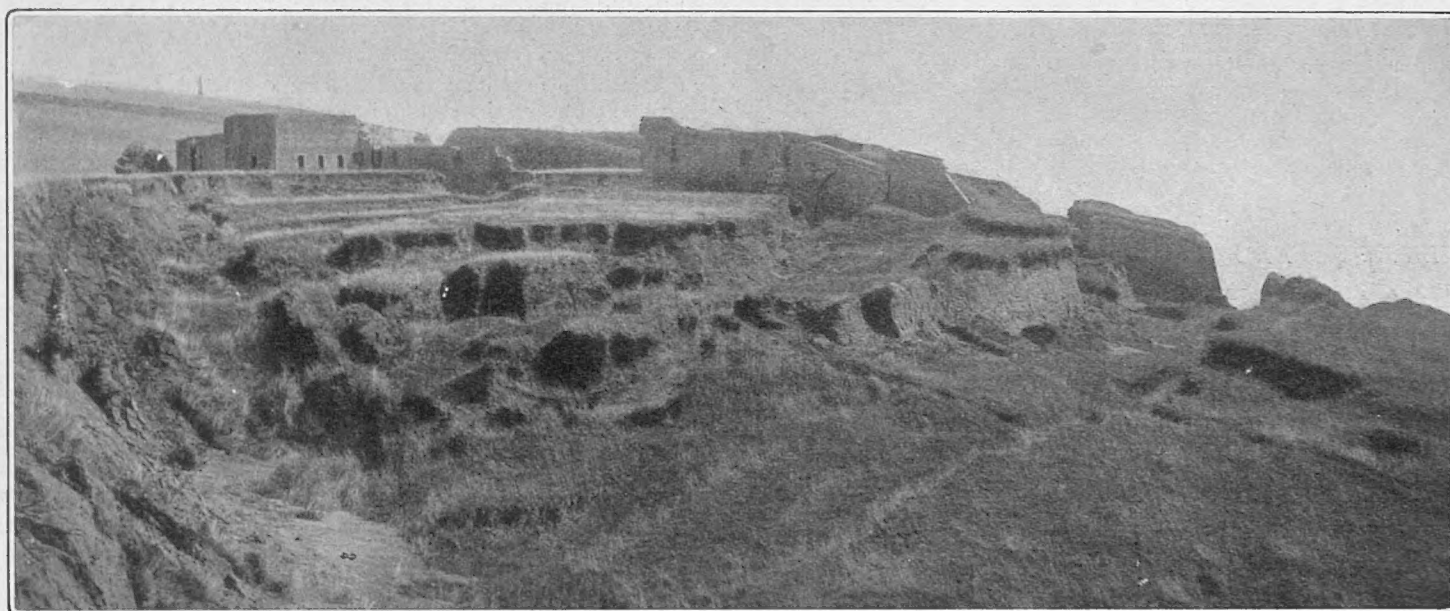
These robes were extremely picturesque, and have, unfortunately, in the palace of the Mikado of to-day given place to the uniforms of

THE VANISHING ISLE OF WIGHT:

PHOTOGRAPHIC EVIDENCE OF THE SERIOUS SEA-ENCROACHMENTS.



SANDOWN BAY AND CULVERS CLIFFS: AT HIGH-TIDE THE LAND IN THE FOREGROUND IS COMPLETELY SUBMERGED.



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THE CLIFFS AT VENTNOR: THE WAVES ARE GRADUALLY WASHING AWAY THE SEA-FRONT.

Photographs by Cribb, Southsea.

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payable at the East Strand Post Office, to THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LTD.,
108, Strand, London.

SOME GENERAL NOTES.

A Souvenir of the On the bare mountain-slopes of the Liffield, in
Siege of Paris. Telemark, Southern Norway, a monument has
just been erected on the spot where one of the
balloons from besieged Paris alighted on Nov. 27, 1870. It is a
simple block of stone, on which is inscribed the name of the balloon,
"Ville d'Orléans," and the date, but, unfortunately, they have carved
the "17th" instead of the "27th" of November. The aeronauts were
MM. Rolier and Deschamps, who at first had not the remotest idea in
what country they had arrived, as they could not speak the language
of the peasants. But at last they saw the name "Christiania" on a
box of matches, and that gave them the clue to their whereabouts.
They were heartily welcomed at Christiania, and the poet Björnsterne
Björnson greeted them in an enthusiastic speech. The balloon itself
is preserved as a curiosity in the Museum of the Christiania University.

The Russians in *Finland.*

A good story is being told—when it is safe to do
so—about the Governor of Finland. The process
of Russification does not allow the Finnish Press
to speak its mind, and several papers have been suppressed. The
attention of the Governor was one day called to a paper which is
published at Tornea and which criticised the doings of the Russians
in Finland with relentless severity. The Governor immediately
ordered the suppression of the offending paper, but the next week
it appeared, even more critical than before. The Governor was
furious, and the police were severely hauled over the coals. No one
could make out how the paper managed to appear after it had been
officially suppressed, until, at last, some one discovered that Tornea is
not in Finland, but just across the border, in Sweden.

The "Illustrated *London News"* *War-Map.*

The *Times's* lament that official England is
deplorably lax in not having issued a map of the
seat of war in the Far East, true though it be, is
of less moment than might at first be thought.
Private enterprise has stepped in where public has failed, and none
need be without a guide to the scene of the momentous operations
between Russia and Japan. The special coloured war-map recently
issued as a supplement to the *Illustrated London News* supplies all that
any official map could supply, for it is compiled not only from the
most recent observations, but from the latest Admiralty charts and
Russian maps. Those who do not possess a copy will be glad to
learn that a few may be obtained from the offices of the paper,
198, Strand, London, W.C., at the price of sixpence, post free.

THE

ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

DECEMBER 10.

Smithfield Club Show.

THE SIEGE OF PORT ARTHUR

AS SEEN BY THE CAMERA:

Unique Photographs from the
Front.

THE BAPTISM OF THE HEIR TO THE THRONE OF ITALY.

THE

ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

DECEMBER 10.

OFFICE: 198, STRAND, W.C.



SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

ROYAL personages now pay many more visits than was once the fashion, and the Prince of Wales will to-day (Dec. 7) shed the light of his kindly countenance on Dorset, where His Royal Highness is to be entertained at a shooting-party by Lord and Lady Ilchester, whose beautiful place, Melbury, has not often had the honour of receiving Royal guests. The Duke and Duchess of Portland have brought together many fair women and brave men to meet

the King and Queen of Portugal at Welbeck Abbey. Among the noted British beauties are Lady Cynthia Graham, Lady Scarbrough, and Lady Maud Warrender. America is represented by Consuelo, Duchess of Manchester; and the list of distinguished men is headed by the Prime Minister, and closed—lovers of art will be glad to hear—by Mr. Sargent, whose wonderful portrait of the Duchess of Portland added charm to the Academy of 1903.

Two Bachelor Politicians.

Although Mr. Winston Churchill was only thirty last week, and Mr. Austen Chamberlain is forty-one, yet they are alike in being generally regarded in the political world as young men of promise who have not yet quite "arrived." They are alike, too, in being the sons of famous fathers who have each had the ear of the House of Commons and the nation, and alike in being a couple of confirmed bachelors. Mr. Austen, however, is not so versatile as Mr. Winston. The eldest son of Mr. Chamberlain, and the heir, therefore, of that Earldom of Birmingham which looms in the future, he was trained up like a

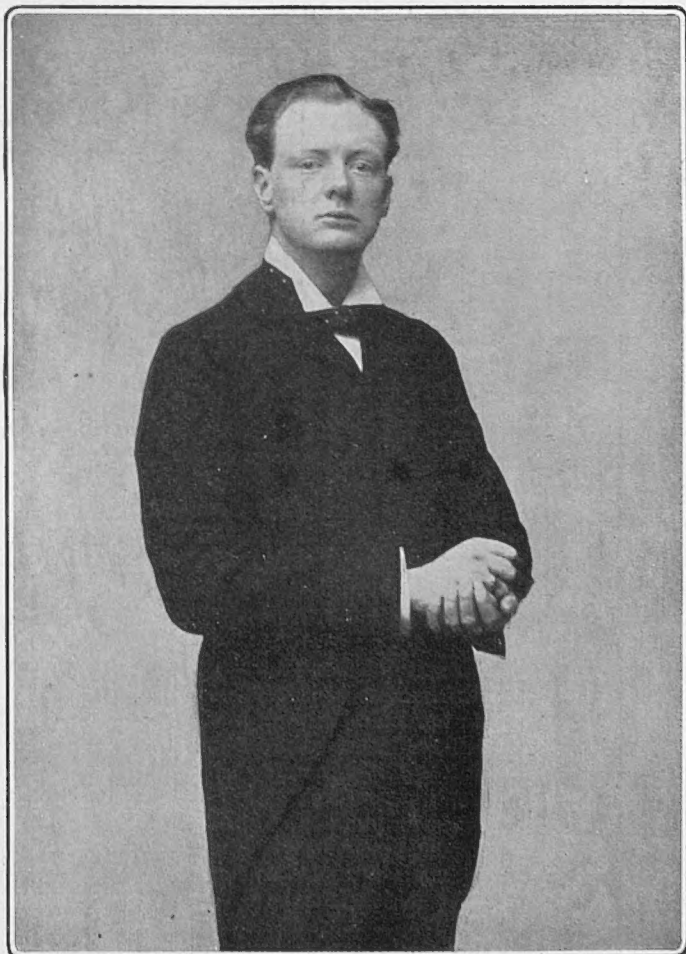
racehorse for the great Parliamentary Stakes, Rugby School and Trinity, Cambridge, being followed by study in Paris and Berlin. He is astonishingly like his father, even to the monocle, and, so far, he has done very well, both as Postmaster-General and as Chancellor of the Exchequer. Mr. Churchill also greatly resembles Lord Randolph, not so much in face as in manner and tone of voice. At an age when most young men have hardly left school he was fighting on the Spanish side in Cuba, and his subsequent exploits, as soldier or as War Correspondent, on the Indian frontier, in Egypt, and in South Africa are well known. He will have nothing to do with Tariff Reform, and so he has joined the Liberals.

King Edward's Piano.

The monks of the Great Saint Bernard have just had a very pleasant surprise. In 1858, King Edward, who was then Prince of Wales, visited the Hospice of the Great Saint Bernard, and was most hospitably received by the monks. The Prince heard that some of the monks were very fond of music and singing, and, as he wished to send them a souvenir of his visit, he made them a present of a magnificent grand-piano, with the motto, "Fideliter, fortiter, feliciter," which has always stood in the common-room of the monastery. A short time ago, King Edward learnt quite by chance that his piano had been injured by the cold of the Alps, and so he lately sent a new grand-piano to the monks, who were most agreeably surprised and gratified by the gift.

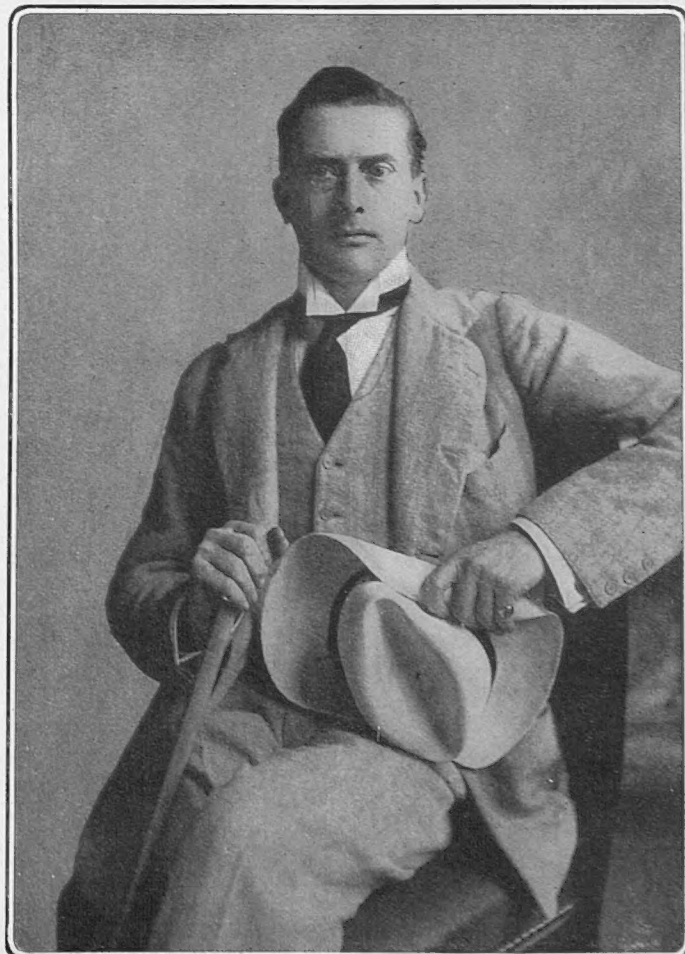
King Carlos in Paris.

The King and Queen of Portugal will arrive in Paris on Sunday next (Dec. 11), and will drive to the Hôtel Bristol without an escort. The next day the King and President Loubet will exchange visits, and on Tuesday and Wednesday next the King will go shooting with the Prince of Monaco on the Marchais estate. On the 15th the King and Queen will be present at a State dinner and reception at the Elysée; on the 16th they will attend the performance at the Théâtre-Français; on the 17th the King and President will shoot at Rambouillet; and on the 18th the Portuguese Sovereigns will leave for the South, unless the King decides to accept an invitation to shoot over the estates of a well-known Parisian.



Photograph by Thomson, New Bond Street, W.

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL, A PUGNACIOUS FREE-TRADER.



[Photograph by Whitlock, Birmingham.]

MR. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN, CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

THE WORLD OF POLITICS: TWO PROMINENT MEN OF THE YOUNGER GENERATION.

*The late Lord
Ridley.*

Scarcely any more popular man has sat in recent times on the Treasury Bench than Sir Matthew White Ridley. He missed the Speakership by a few votes, and probably he would have wearied of the drudgery of the Chair, but his fair-mindedness and his friendliness of manner served him well during his tenure of the office of Home Secretary between 1895 and 1900. Heavy in figure and fluent but not eloquent in speech, members in all quarters, not excluding the Irish, always gave Sir Matthew a friendly hearing. He was most successful in presiding over Committees, and the Royal Commission which inquired into the establishment of the different offices of State at home and abroad is known as the Ridley Commission. His business capacity, as well as his great influence in the North of England, led to his being appointed Chairman of the North-Eastern Railway.

Lord Ridley was blessed with a great number of friends. He was covered with personal compliments when he was proposed for the Speakership, his seconder saying that he had worn "the white flower of a blameless life." His relatives were devoted to him, and all sorrowed with him when he lost his wife, in 1899. Lady Ridley—the sister of Lord Tweedmouth and of the Countess of Aberdeen—was a beautiful woman with charming manners and was one of the leaders in Conservative circles. Shortly before her death her eldest daughter died suddenly. No doubt, these sad events took the heart out of Lord Ridley's interest in politics. He received a Peerage instead of office in 1900, and was a silent figure in the Upper House.

Mr. Matthew White Ridley, who succeeds to the Peerage, has been for four years Member for Stalybridge, and has inherited some of his father's popularity in the House of Commons. On the fiscal question he is a Chamberlainite, and is thus at issue with some members, at any rate, of his wife's family. He is married to the Hon. Rosamond Guest, youngest daughter of Lord Wimborne, who is a Free Trader. His brother-in-law, Mr. Ivor Guest, has gone over to the Opposition and is to be Liberal candidate for Cardiff at the General Election.

*The late Lord
Hardwicke.*

The death of the Earl of Hardwicke deprives the Government of the services of one of the ablest young men in the Upper House. He was only thirty-seven, and into his short life he had crammed a great deal more work than is done by the average long-lived Peer. About a dozen years ago, as the noble Earl himself has stated, the Hardwicke estates passed into the hands of mortgagees, and there was nothing left for him to get, on succeeding to the Peerage. The result was that he left the Diplomatic Service at an early age and worked for his living in

the City. For several years before he succeeded to the Peerage, in 1897, he had been connected with a firm in the Stock Exchange. Objection was taken by Liberals to that connection when he joined the Government, in 1900. He refused to cut his connection with the City, but, while remaining a member of his firm, he abstained from



LADY IDA SITWELL, A SISTER OF LORD LONDESBOROUGH.

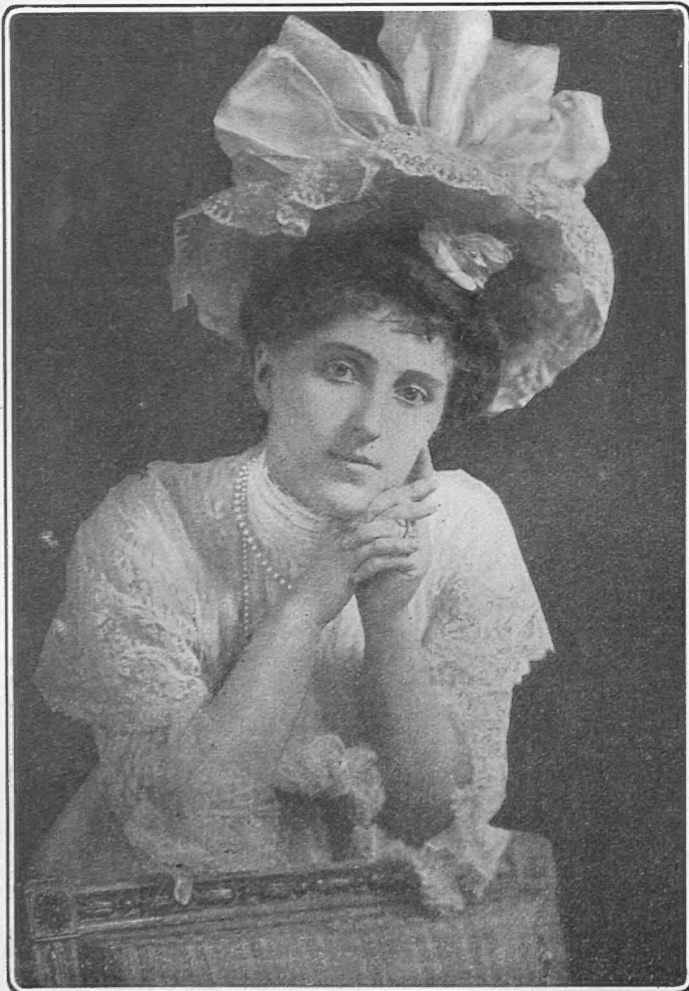
Photograph by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.

any active part in its business while in office. Lord Hardwicke was a good administrator, and, although not an eloquent speaker, he defended his Department—whether the India Office or the War Office—in a cool, sententious manner.

Lady Ida Sitwell. Lady Ida Sitwell, who is one of the beautiful sisters of Lord Londesborough, is among the many modern English great ladies who have had the privilege of being painted by Sargent. The picture is that of a group, showing Sir George and Lady Ida and their three children, and it attracted great attention at the Academy of 1901. The background of the painting represents the great drawing-room at Renishaw, the family seat in Derbyshire, and is a wonderful piece of work. Lady Ida is well known in Scarborough, where she takes a prominent part in the social and philanthropic affairs of the town, her husband having contested the borough no less than seven times, and she generally entertains during the Scarborough Week. She shares Sir George's intense interest in antiquarian matters, while yet fond, as are all the members of her own family, of everything connected with sport and outdoor life. Lady Ida Sitwell is the proud mother of a young daughter, who will soon be a twentieth-century débutante, and two little boys.

*The Baroness von
Eckhardstein.*

In spite of her German name, the Baroness von Eckhardstein is typically English in her tastes, in her hobbies, and last, not least, in her appearance. The only child of the late Sir John Blundell Maple, the Baroness was one of the prettiest girls in Society at the time that her engagement to the good-looking, stalwart First Attaché of the German Embassy in London was announced. The marriage took place just ten years ago, and was celebrated in the Abbey of St. Albans, while the popularity of both bride and bridegroom was shown by the wonderful array of gifts, which included a pearl-and-diamond watch from the then Prince of Wales. Baron and Baroness von Eckhardstein, though they have a beautiful estate in Silesia, spend most of each year in England. They are prominent and popular members of that section of Society which is keenly interested in sport, for the Baron is a fine horseman and a first-rate shot. The Baroness has one little daughter, who is now six years old.



BARONESS VON ECKHARDSTEIN, ONLY DAUGHTER OF THE LATE SIR JOHN BLUNDELL MAPLE.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

Lady Helen Vincent.

Lady Helen Vincent is the eldest sister of Lady Ulrica Baring, the bride to whom will fall the pleasant task of presiding at the Viceregal entertainments in India till the return there of Lady Curzon. It is difficult to award the palm of beauty between them, but most people would give it to Lady Helen, who now forms a valuable addition to the small group of Free Trade hostesses, for Sir Edgar Vincent is certainly the most distinguished of those great financiers who are determined opponents of Mr. Chamberlain and his new scheme. The Member for Exeter was, in a sense, already famous in many fields when he became the husband of Lady Helen Duncombe. Some years ago, Sir Edgar and Lady Helen became the owners of one of the most delightful estates in the near vicinity of London. Esher Place has been the home of many famous people, from Cardinal Wolsey downward, and there are now often entertained contemporary celebrities.

Sir Edgar has gathered together at Esher Place many wonderful works of art, mostly of the rarest French school, while modern French art is represented by Constant's splendid portrait of the *châtelaine* of this delightful house.

Lord and Lady Cadogan, who will soon be entertaining the King and Queen and Princess Victoria at Culford Hall, are very well known in Society, and are said to have entertained Royalty more often than any others of our great nobility. Lord Cadogan, who is ground-landlord of Chelsea, of which Borough he was the first Mayor, is enormously rich, and his "reign" as Viceroy of Ireland was one of unusual magnificence. When he resigned, two years ago, it was understood that he was offered a Marquisate,



LADY HELEN VINCENT, WIFE OF THE MEMBER FOR EXETER.

Photograph by Alice Hughes, Gower Street.

but he declined, and many people believe that he will receive the first dukedom to be created by his present Majesty. Lady Cadogan is *très grande dame*, a sister of Lady Coventry, and Elizabeth, Lady Wilton. Her social recognition is of value, for she is regarded as being exclusive. She is fair, with blue eyes, and exquisitely refined in face and feature, and she dresses with studied simplicity. An ardent sportswoman, she has often hunted both in England and in Ireland; she fishes, and she loves planning old-fashioned gardens. Moreover, she has great *expertise* in old china and miniatures. Lord Cadogan, who is also fond of sport, is an accomplished musician, therein resembling Lord Howe.

Culford Hall. Culford Hall is a very splendid place in Suffolk, and is in a most picturesque neighbourhood. Part of the house is immensely ancient, for it was built in 1591 by Sir Nicholas Bacon. The estate, which is noted for its charming grounds, has been very much improved since it passed into the possession of its present owners—that is, some fifteen years ago. The interior of the mansion has been described as being the most comfortable in the kingdom, and in the old-world gardens, to which Lady Cadogan has devoted much time and thought, the family spent much of their time during the summer months of the year. Culford is near Bury St. Edmunds, and both Lord and Lady Cadogan take a great interest in all matters connected with the welfare of the town.

The Princess of Monaco. The Princess of Monaco has had a singularly interesting and romantic life. As *Mdlle. Alice Heine*, she was, while a girl,

a great Parisian heiress, and when still in her teens she became the bride of the Duc de Richelieu, one of the proudest nobles on the Continent. Left a widow with a son and daughter at a comparatively early age, the Duchesse de Richelieu was a great deal in this country, where she had a warm friend in old Lady Holland. Then, after a long courtship, she consented to become the second wife of the Heir-Apparent of the aged Prince of Monaco. Many English visitors to the brilliant Principality so closely associated with the Goddess of Chance remember the charming hospitality which was dispensed by Princess Alice at the splendid old Castle of which the walls are washed by the Mediterranean. It is an open secret that of late years the Prince and Princess have felt happier apart, and Her Highness now spends more of her time in Paris, and even in London, than at Monaco.



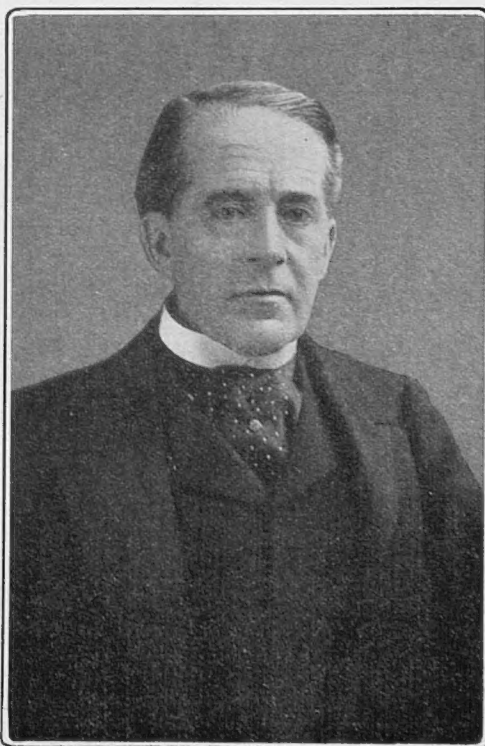
THE PRINCESS OF MONACO.

Photograph by Esmé Collings, Bond Street, W.

The Grand Old Man of Norway.

The news that Ibsen is seriously ill will bring a pang of regret to playgoers all over the world, for even the most bitter opponents of Ibsenism must admit that Norway's "G.O.M." has greatly modified all modern dramatic work. Henrik Ibsen lives in Christiania; he has a horror of advertisement and of the interviewer, but he is very free in his conversation with strangers as long as he regards their curiosity about him and his views of life as not dictated by the hope of turning him into "copy."

Like most great workers, Ibsen does not believe in "inspiration"; he works every morning for so many hours, and then takes a walk before lunch. The afternoon he spends at his favourite café, and it is there that his admirers can often enjoy with him an informal chat. The famous man has been exceptionally happy in his home-life. He was early married to a daughter of Björnson, and his only son is now the husband of a charming woman, to whom the old man is much devoted, as he is also, of course, to his grandson, Tancred Ibsen, a clever boy of whom his grandfather expects great things.



Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.



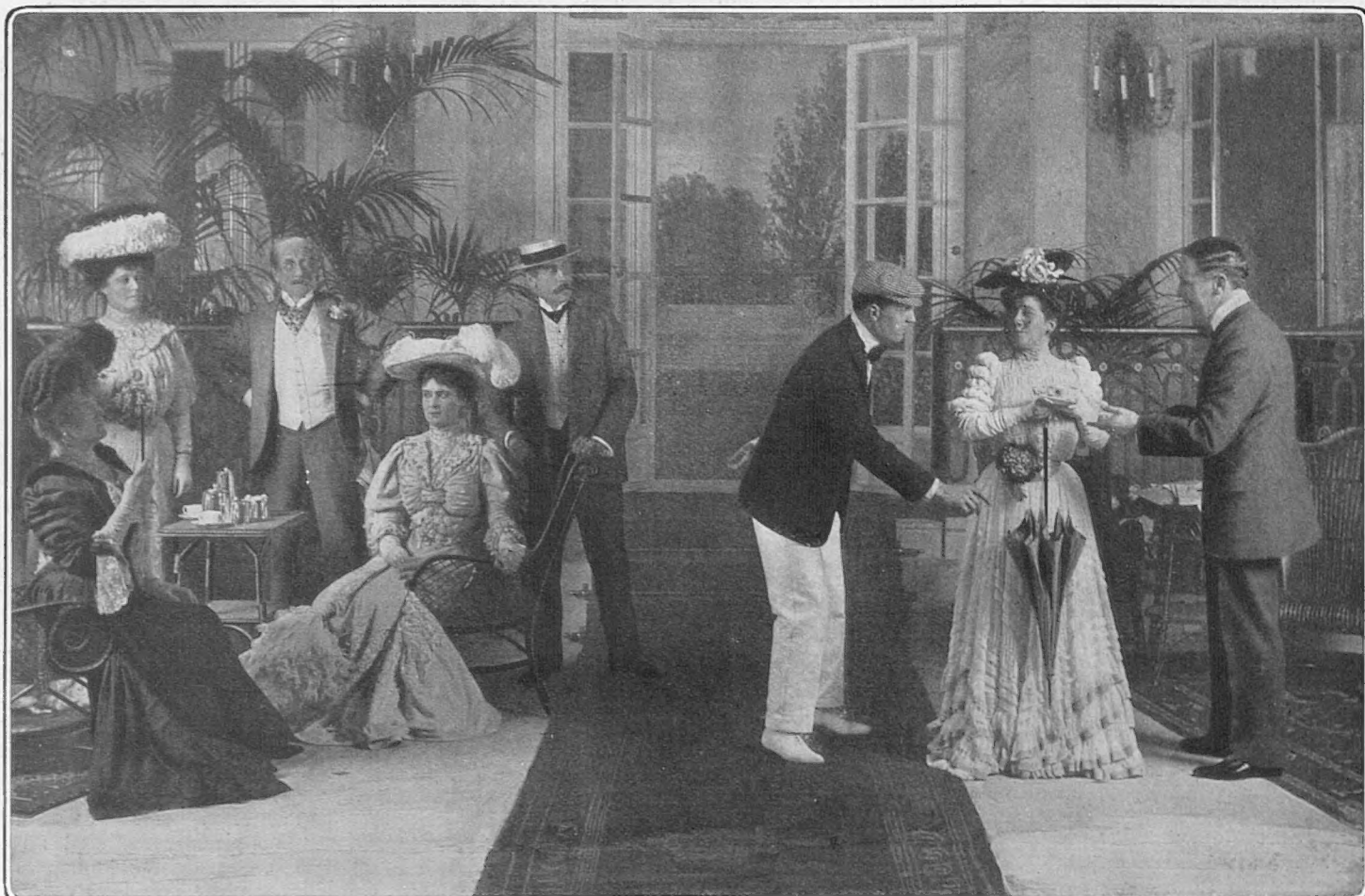
[Photograph by Thomson, New Bond Street, W.]

EARL AND COUNTESS CADOGAN, WHO WILL ENTERTAIN THE KING AND QUEEN AT CULFORD HALL ON THE 12TH INST.

TWO SCENES FROM "THE FREEDOM OF SUZANNE," AT THE CRITERION.

Mrs. Tustall (Miss Florence Sinclair).

Sir Horace Hatton (Mr. G. S. Titheradge).

Lady Charlotte Trevor
(Miss Ada Ferrar).Fitzroy Harding
(Mr. Charles Sugden).Lady Isobel Bury
(Miss Beatrice Beckley).Tommy Keston
(Mr. A. E. Matthews).Suzanne Trevor
(Miss Marie Tempest).Captain Harry Cecil
(Mr. C. M. Hallard).

ACT II.—THE PRINCESS'S HOTEL, MAVERLY-ON-SEA.

Suzanne, after her divorce, arrives at the hotel at which her late husband and mother-in-law are staying. She invites herself to tea and the situation becomes rather strained.



Charles Trevor (Mr. Allan Aynesworth).

ACT III.—TREVOR'S FLAT IN TOWN.

Suzanne pays an unexpected visit to Trevor, and he, forgetting the divorce, suggests taking off her shoes and stockings, which are wet.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ELLIS AND WALERY, BAKER STREET, W.

THE ELECTRIFICATION OF THE "UNDERGROUND" RAILWAY.

(SEE PAGE 287.)



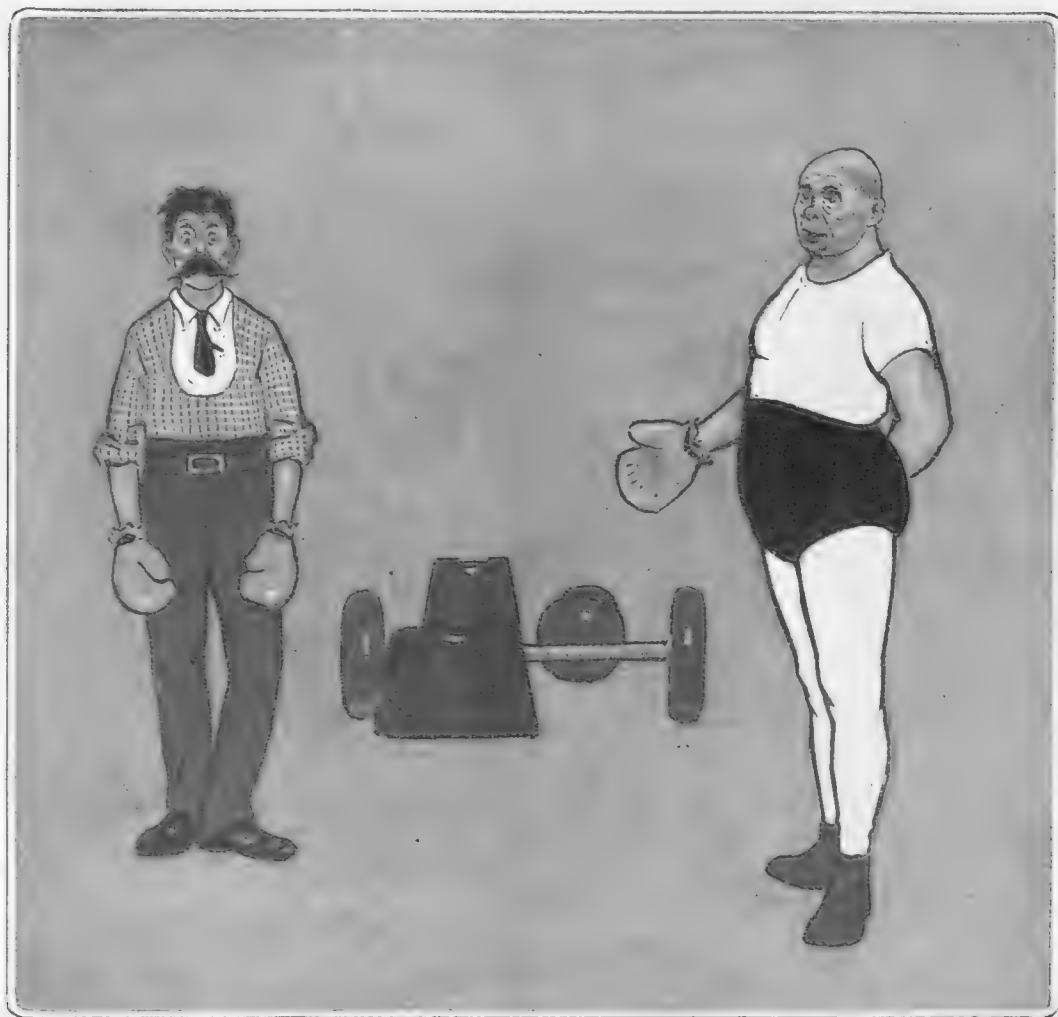
THE THREE-COACH TRIAL-TRIP TRAIN.



INTERIOR OF A FIRST-CLASS CAR.

MY MORNING PAPER.

By THE MAN IN THE TRAIN.



THE HUMOURIST IN THE MUSIC-HALL.

[DRAWN BY R. C. CARTER.]

"Ladies and Gents,—As this gent 'as been so kind in giving 'is services—my pal, as I said, being took ill of a sudden—I shall now be able to conclude with an exhibition of sparring. To make a fairer match, I shall direct all my blows on one spot, say, 'is dicky, and anywhere I 'it 'im outside that spot won't count." (Applause.)

"MR. FORDHAM said that the elder boy looked too ill and the other boy was too young, to appear on the stage at night. He refused the application." These lines caught my eye as it roved over a morning paper, and pleased me very much indeed. Mr. Fordham had spoken at the North London Police Court in response to an application to allow two lads, aged fourteen and eleven, to give stage performances at a music-hall. I cannot agree with the sentiment of the pretty pictures we see from time to time, in which little fairies, clad in mufti, are seen bringing the much-needed help to their starving parents. Even if parents are so badly off, their young children should not be forced so soon into the firing-line of life's great battle. I have been near enough to stageland to realise that many youngsters are most cruelly exploited by parents and guardians, and the twaddle that is written when a Magistrate takes a firm stand and refuses applications disgusts me. While children are children they should be treated in the manner most likely to make strong, healthy, and intelligent men and women of them. Neither pantomime nor music-hall can do much in this direction, I fear.

Count von Bülow
Protests.

The German Chancellor comes before me in the pages of a monthly review, and explains to its readers that Germany and he are greatly misunderstood in this country. So well does he state his case that he will convince—everybody who has not followed the history of German foreign policy in the past forty years. The gospel set out by Count von Bülow explains that every thought of predatory action is abhorrent to his Imperial Master's mind and to the natural instinct of the German people. If the rank-and-file were consulted before the Empire took action, there would be less cause for uneasiness, but in the pursuit of Imperial aims the voice of the people passes unheeded. It will take more than an interview to make observant Britons forget the deliberate Anglophobe tendencies of modern German policy; and side by side with Count von Bülow's discreet utterances come the interesting Naval Estimates and the new Army Bill. Germany desires peace, but is

actually borrowing the money that taxation cannot yield in order to be better prepared for war. It is to be feared that the German Chancellor's kindly meant attempt to explain the benevolence of Germany's aims and ideals is largely discounted by the Kaiser's latest call to arms.

Welsh Coal for
Russia.

I have commented in these pages from time to time upon the extraordinary aspect of a British neutrality that permits the Welsh steam-coal to find its way in unlimited quantities to the buxkers of Russian warships. Now the Japanese are awakening to the serious aspect of the situation. They may well ask for protection from their friends, in order that they may have a free hand to deal with their enemies. The carelessness that permitted a torpedo-boat-destroyer to get to Libau by way of the Thames suggests that a short shrift and a long rope are really required among the penalties that wait upon negligence in matters pertaining to the national safety. Apart from questions of neutrality, most people will agree that the supply of arms or munitions of war to be used against an ally of this country ought to come within the limits of high treason. At the time of writing, the Baltic Fleet has averaged three miles an hour since it left home, and, for a rate of speed that is as modest as that, other coal than the best Welsh steam variety should suffice.

A Case for the
"R.S.P.C.A."

The Cattle Show is upon us, many bucolic countrymen are about to make their annual pilgrimage to London, and in little more than a week we shall see live cattle and sheep, exhibited in butchers' shops, almost brushing the carcasses of their brethren whose troubles are over. Against this barbarous custom I enter a firm protest, not for the first time. It is

common knowledge that many animals are sensitive to the taint of blood, and in the best-conducted abattoirs of the Continent—so far in advance of what we have to show—no animal is permitted to see the slaughter of another. I cannot quite believe that kind-hearted people are anxious to see the unhappy bullock or sheep that is shortly to be slaughtered for their table—their interest is limited to the beef and the mutton. The "R.S.P.C.A." would do well to make a test-case and find out whether the exhibition of live cattle in shops filled with dead carcasses cannot be stopped by the authorities. Even from the standpoint of quality, the meat must suffer by the nasty custom. Fright and unaccustomed surroundings must do a great deal of harm to the unfortunate creatures that have been so grossly overfed, and nobody can suggest that they are not frightened or that they have proper accommodation in a butcher's shop.

The Intemperate
Scot.

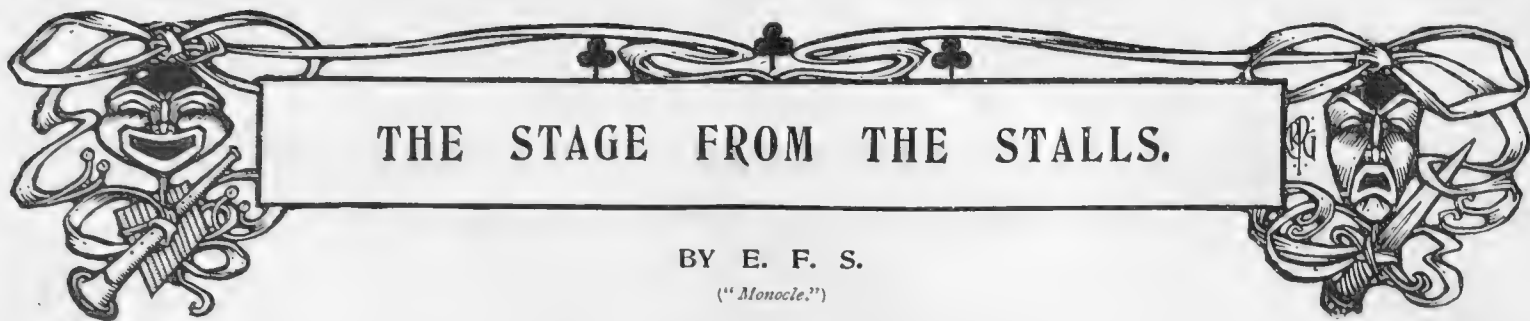
Stands Scotland where it did? I suppose it does, but every right-minded Scot will be shocked to read the account of a British passenger's experience on the *Calchas*, which was captured off the northern headland of Tokio Bay at the end of last July. From this account, lately published, it would appear that the "drunken navigating officer" was a Scot, whose instructions were to take the *Calchas* to Vladivostok or send her to—a place not distinctly specified. When the unknown Scot was neither drunk nor navigating, he was boxing his men's ears. Happily, the moral of the passenger's story is irreproachable. He reached Vladivostok in safety, a certain Baron Hormakoff who was with the prize crew having behaved well to him, and the wicked Scot was killed on the *Rurik* when Kamimura came to terms with the Vladivostok Squadron. Probably he has gone to the place that was not specified, without waiting for the *Calchas*. One hopes he was the only Scot engaged in the Russian service. By the way, the *Calchas* passenger says that when an enemy is sighted everybody gets drunk. This is excellent news for the praiseworthy Togo, who, if I am correctly informed, does not count drunkenness among the virtues that make a good seaman.

THE YORKSHIREMAN AT NIAGARA.



PROUD AMERICAN : There are ten million gallons of water coming over the falls every minute.
YORKSHIREMAN : I see nowt to stop it.

DRAWN BY LANCE THACKERAY.



THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

BY E. F. S.

("Monocle.")

"THE TAMING OF THE SHREW"—"ERICKSSON'S WIFE"—"THE MERCHANT OF VENICE"—
"CANDIDA"—"THE CONFEDERACY"—"THE ORCHID."

THE chief event of the week was the Adelphi revival of "The Taming of the Shrew"—a very Adelphi revival, so some said, thinking of the old traditions of the house, which were not for subtlety of acting or nicety of humour. The production is noteworthy for the differences of opinions expressed: an enthusiastic reception, a majority of the Press in sympathy with the audience, and a formidable minority growl of opposition—such is a fair report of the position. Probably the note of disfavour amazed the management, which on the night went to bed its ears singing with the cheers of the house. The piece, a comedy by Shakspeare, had been presented in the Elizabethan spirit, mounted superbly, played with ability and sincerity, and received with roars of laughter. Why, then, the growl? Probably it was more against the piece than the playing, against author than actors. Shakspeare might have been delighted to see the gloss put upon the piece by Ada Rehan and John Drew, but it is difficult to doubt, even on careful study of the work, that it was not written in the spirit of the author's age. What was that spirit, so far as women were concerned? The traditions of chivalry, which, as we understand the word, probably never affected conduct greatly, had faded. Petruchio sums up well enough the position of a wife in his words: "I will be master of mine own. She is my goods and chattels... my horse, my ox, my ass, my anything." At the time *baron* and *femme* were one, and the one was the baron. When Katharina, in a speech much praised by men, says, "Such duty as the subject owes the Prince, even such a woman oweth to her husband," she expresses the law, a law under which the husband Prince was an autocratic lord and not a constitutional monarch. If he killed her, he was hanged for mere murder; if she assassinated him, she was burned for petit treason. Her property became his. The doctrine of her separate property came later. The Jackson Case had not been decided, and he could imprison her lawfully. She was "his horse," and the humour of the play is to show a haughty, high-spirited young woman being broken in as if she were a stubborn colt. Display of greater force and louder voice, employment of fatigue, of insults, of humiliation before friends and servants, hunger, and even prevention of sleep, were the means used. Nowadays she would have got a judicial separation for cruelty. There is nothing to suggest that Petruchio would treat her kindly after her spirit was broken. He married her for her money: "As wealth is the burden of my wooing dance," he says, and as soon as he meets her father he bargains for a dowry. When she is broken in, he shows off with pride the result of his system, and, to prove his triumph and win a bet, humiliates her before his friends. "A spaniel, a woman, and a walnut-tree, the more they be beaten, the better they be," expresses the spirit of the age and the play.

Has the spirit of the age greatly changed? The question seems dangerous. The applause and some of the notices suggest that the change, if any, is superficial. The roars of laughter were chiefly at the distress of poor Katharina—I have often wondered whether, when her spirits recovered from the violence of the treatment, she did not administer to the brute a dose of the famous white medicine that dissolved a good many Italian marriages: perhaps she adopted another and even more popular method of revenge. The complicated scenes of comedy concerning Bianca, though well enough played, were not the real cause of the merriment. No; we shouted with laughter at every crack of the whip, at the struggles of the girl to break away from the grasp of the man. Of course, some of the traditional business is not to be put against the author. Doubtless, however, in his time the two clowns, Grumio and Biondello, had great licence—greater, it may be, than was taken by Messrs. Rock and Lyall Swete, who delighted the house by their quaint antics. It is probable that the second plot was intended to be played more boisterously. Miss Pamela Gayford is a pretty and skilful Bianca, Mr. Walter Hampden an agreeable

Lucentio, Mr. Grimwood an ingenious Gremio, and Mr. Brydone an excellent Baptista; but their humours clashed a little in style with those of Petruchio and Kate.

Mr. Oscar Asche gave a very clever piece of acting as Christopher Sly in the elaborate elementary practical joke, called "The Induction," which precedes the piece and has much puzzled stage-managers—far cleverer, indeed, than as the hero of the farce. His Petruchio showed too little effort to humanise the part. He played it somewhat over-closely to the spirit that would have taken the fancy of the Tinker. No excuse, by-the-bye, is offered for the violence done to the play by the needless doubling of the parts. Miss Lily Brayton surprised her many admirers by the strength of her work as the unlucky Katharina. Few could expect that the charming actress would display such fire and force and skill in suggestion of utter abandonment to wrath. Hers, indeed, is the triumph of this which seems likely to prove the most popular revival in our times of the boisterous play.



HENRIK IBSEN, THE FAMOUS NORWEGIAN
DRAMATIST, WHO IS SERIOUSLY ILL.

(SEE PAGE 261.)

Photograph by Gjorup, Copenhagen.

Theatre to see her as the lady advocate. She played the part with, I think, even more than her wonted skill, and delighted the audience. An excellent Company supports her in "The Merchant of Venice," which is very prettily mounted. One may single out Mr. Matheson Lang, an excellent Bassanio, and Mr. Willes, an amusing Launcelot Gobbo. Mr. Bucklaw, in the name-part, plays with the rather rare fault of too much restraint, but there is a great deal of merit in his performance.

The "G. B. S." play, "Candida," at the Court, is now being so admirably played that playgoers who miss the short series of the wonderfully clever and amusing comedy will be unfortunate. The author is lucky enough to get a number of apparently difficult parts acted almost, perhaps, quite perfectly. The names of Miss Kate Rorke, Miss Fairbrother, and Messrs. G. Barker, France, Sass, and Athol Forbes must be mentioned, even if their work cannot be examined.

The Mermaid Society has found in Vanbrugh's comedy, "The Confederacy," the work which best displays the acting powers of its Company, and a satisfactory performance was given of the entertaining play. Mrs. Theodore Wright once more has done wonders in old drama, and her Mrs. Amlot is quite an admirable piece of comic acting.

"The Orchid," after a run of more than a year, has indulged in the luxury of a revised version, to say nothing of new and gorgeous costumes and fresh scenery. The plot, or as much of it as still survives, is unchanged, and some of the most popular numbers, such as "Little Mary," are retained: otherwise an almost novel work makes its appearance. Fortunately, the old Company, or most of it, remains, and on the second "first-night" the house was delighted by the humours of Messrs. Payne, Mackinder, Grattan, Brown, and Nainby, and Miss Ediss, and by the charm and talent of Miss Gertie Millar and Miss Marie Studholme.

THE COMING OF KING PANTOMIME.



MISS QUEENIE LEIGHTON, WHO WILL PLAY THE "PRINCIPAL BOY"

IN "THE WHITE CAT," AT DRURY LANE.

Photograph by Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

BEAUTIFUL HOMES AND THEIR OWNERS.

AMONG the stately homes of England splendid Highclere is justly famed. The great pile of buildings forming an imposing whole is not yet a hundred years old, but, nevertheless, it has a look of ancient splendour; for, architecturally speaking, the Castle owed its being to the genius who designed the Houses of Parliament.

Highclere Castle is singularly fortunate in its situation and in its associations. In the days of Merry England the estate belonged to the Bishopric of Winchester, and it was the favourite country seat of William of Wykeham. The windows of Lord Carnarvon's country seat command views extending into four counties, and the grounds have many singular and, indeed, unique features, of which more anon, for each successive owner of the place has devoted as much attention to the outside as to the inside of his country home, and the present Peer has made Highclere one of the best sporting estates in the kingdom.

There, at this time of year, he entertains parties of shooting friends, and one of the first guests entertained by young Lady Carnarvon after her marriage was our present Sovereign, who spent some memorable days shooting over Lord Carnarvon's coverts in the autumn of 1895.

It would require a volume to give anything like a good account of the many art-treasures now garnered in Highclere Castle. In the beautiful drawing-room hangs a collection of what have been described as the finest Gainsboroughs and Reynolds' in the kingdom. The Gainsboroughs include the famous portraits of that Lord Chesterfield who succeeded the writer of the historic Letters and his wife; also the delightful "Cottage Children," which proved that the artist was able to be as successful when dealing with humble sitters as with the great folk he generally painted.

Lovers of art delight in seeing the curious Reynolds which shows a plucky lad—the present Earl's great-grandfather—playing with a group of lion-cubs.

Lady Carnarvon, who is half French by birth, has always had a special cult for the memory of the hapless Marie Antoinette, and there are many relics of the last Queen of France both in the great drawing-room and in the dainty boudoir, which reflects its owner's personal tastes and fancies. The principal apartment of Highclere is the great hall, a really splendid apartment, enriched with the Coats of Arms of the Herbert family and of their wives, these including that of the lady who was a younger sister of Catherine Parr. The hall is used as a living-room, and there many great entertainments have been given of late years, though the brilliant theatricals given in honour of the King's visit took place in the library, where are stored priceless manuscripts and many quaint eighteenth-century works now worth their weight in gold, one such being a complete collection of the famous "Cries of London." In this room is also preserved the chair in which the great Napoleon sat when he signed his abdication at Fontainebleau; this chair has another association with the modern Cæsar, for it was habitually used by the Emperor when holding a Council of his submissive Ministers.

Even at this time of year, Lord and Lady Carnarvon spend much of

their time out of doors. The park shows every variety of fine scenery, particularly notable being the trees, though a former Earl of Carnarvon is said to have defined the British oak and spreading beech as "Excrescences provided by Nature for the payment of debts."

The great feature of Highclere Park, however, is the lake known as Milford Water, and which, in addition to a delightful island, boasts on its edge a fine, substantial house, in old days known as "The Casino," which was actually inhabited for a while by the family during the restoration of the Castle. Now, Milford House, as it has been rechristened, is often the scene of a merry sporting-lunch, of which the honours are done by Lady Carnarvon, who, with her feminine friends, generally walks out from the Castle in order to preside at the informal meal.

Lord Carnarvon follows the usual fashion in not beginning shooting till November is well on its way; but when he and his friends do get to work in the celebrated Highclere Wood, they give an account of themselves which is rarely matched elsewhere. From the sporting point of

view, the most interesting feature of Highclere is the high flying of the birds; this is owing not a little to the scientific attainments of both the master of the estate and of his clever gamekeeper. When Lord Carnarvon inherited the property, some fourteen years ago, the average season's bag was about two thousand pheasants and some three hundred and fifty partridges; now on the first shooting-day of each autumn the owner of Highclere and four or five of his friends show a bag of about fifteen hundred head.

The present Lord Carnarvon is one of those modern Peers who "do many things in many lands, and do them very well." A lover of art and a true virtuoso, he has added many treasures to both his country homes, Highclere and Bretby Park, while before his marriage he was a great traveller and shot big game all over the world.

While still on the sunny side of thirty he married Miss Almina Wombwell, and the wedding, taking place from Lansdowne House, was one of the most notable social events of 1895. Lady Carnarvon has all the French charm of appearance and manner; she is a great lover of beauty and beautiful things, and takes a keen delight in her splendid country home, while yet being fond of London. She has two children—Lord Porchester, a son and heir who is now six years old, and a little daughter of four. When in town, Lady Carnarvon entertains in one of the most stately, old-world houses in Berkeley Square, a mansion which, though bearing the unlucky number of thirteen, has brought only good fortune to its possessors.

The head of the Herbert family can boast of some distinguished relatives. One of his two uncles is the Hon. Alan Herbert, who has now been for unnumbered years one of the most honoured of Anglo-French Parisian celebrities; his other uncle is that brilliant Don Quixote of politics and manners, Mr. Auberon Herbert. Lord Carnarvon's own elder sister, Lady Burghclere, is one of the most successful of Liberal hostesses, and the Carnarvon branch of the Herbert family are, of course, closely related to that of which Lord Pembroke is chief.



THE COUNTESS OF CARNARVON.

Photograph by Alice Hughes, Gower Street.



LORD CARNARVON.

A Snapshot.

LORD PORCHESTER,
THE EARL OF CARNARVON'S
HEIR.

MILFORD HOUSE, USED AS A SHOOTING-LODGE.

Photograph by Leonard Willoughby.

BEAUTIFUL BRITISH HOMES.

XLII.—HIGHCLERE CASTLE, THE HAMPSHIRE SEAT OF THE EARL OF CARNARVON.



THE CASTLE, FROM THE NORTH-EAST.



THE LIBRARY, WITH NAPOLEON'S CHAIR AND TABLE.



THE DRAWING-ROOM.



THE HALL.



SOME OF THE PHEASANT-PENS.



THE UPPER LAKE, SHOWING THE SHOOTING-PLATFORM.

Photographs by Léonard Willoughby.

"MEN LOVE DARKNESS." By H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON.

THE fog and the night had descended together, with the abruptness that characterises a November evening. Lord Francis, groping his way along the railings of Kensington Gardens, was aware of a cab colliding with the pavement. There was a sound of breaking glass, and he paused. In the great wilderness of mirk that environed him were voices, the creaking of wheels, and oburgations. The misty flare of a torch here and there was no more than the flame of a match in the night. From the cab emerged a cry, which sent him in its direction.

A street-lamp suddenly broke through the darkness and faintly illumined the cab. A woman in evening-dress was stepping out of it and he paused on the kerb.

"Any damage?" he called to the cabman.

"No, sir," sailed surlily out of the blackness. "Lady's frightened and glass's broke."

Lord Francis turned his attention to the fare, who had now alighted. "Can I help—" he began, and under the light recognised her. "Miss Chalcraft?"

"Oh, who is it?" asked the girl, gladly, and stepped closer to him. "Lord Francis! Oh, isn't this dreadful? I didn't think it was so thick, and so I started, and the cabman doesn't know where he is, and—"

"Where are you going?" He interrupted her breathless statement.

"Glenhope Street. I'm dining out."

"Oh, that's not far!" he said, cheerfully. "But the safest place on these occasions, it is well to remember, is the humble 'bus. Still, we'll manage all right. Better let me have your arm."

Miss Chalcraft was sensibly recovering from her alarm, and they moved cautiously along the broad footway, her companion discoursing amiably.

"Let me see: we met last at the Rylstons—a small-and-early, wasn't it? And I remember you said that women were being unjustly attacked nowadays, and that men were no better than they should be."

"Did I?" said Miss Chalcraft, with a little laugh.

"Oh, yes; I recall it so well, because I squirmed under your eloquent denunciation. I am pretty bad."

"Oh, I was only talking generally, of course," said Miss Chalcraft, mildly.

"You declared that men had deteriorated far more than women, and spoke with scorn of the modern man. You sighed for the days of the knight-errant."

"I dare say there are some still—you are, now, for example," said Miss Chalcraft, lightly; and, being quite recovered, withdrew her arm. The fog was denser than ever, and insensibly she melted into the darkness. Immediately on that came a little cry. He groped towards it.

"Oh!" said Miss Chalcraft. "I—I think it's a pillar-post, or something. I fell over it."

He led her away. "Guide yourself by the railings," he suggested.

"But they will make my gloves all black, and I'm dining out," she protested.

"Take off your gloves," he said.

"How foolish!" she said, laughing nervously, and added, plaintively, "I know this awful fog will spoil everything I have."

"I'll examine you for smuts before you go in," he said, encouragingly. Miss Chalcraft made no answer, and he came to a pause under a lamp-post. "This is where we shall have to cross for Glenhope Street." Miss Chalcraft shrank perceptibly closer to him, as if for protection.

He took her arm, without raising any remonstrance, and plunged into the roadway.

"You're sure I'm not—not taking you out of your way?" she said, faintly. He reassured her.

"Oh!" cried Miss Chalcraft, as an omnibus lumbered up.

He drew her nearer. "It's all right. There's the pavement near that conductor's torch." He pushed on, and they found themselves in a maze of omnibuses and carriages, and stopped perforce.

"Look alive; I'm late for Buckingham Palace, as it is!" screamed a wit in a coster-cart.

"Guv'nor, is this Clapham Junction or 'Ackney?" said a driver, solemnly, to Lord Francis.

"Oh, Lord Francis, please," pleaded Miss Chalcraft; "this 'bus-horse is eating my wrap!"

He dodged under the noses of a pair and reached the pavement in safety, where his companion uttered a sigh of relief.

"Glenhope Street's the turning on the right," he explained.

"Oh, I know now! I recognise it," she said, cheerfully. They resumed their careful progress, and her arm remained in harbourage.

"Knights-errant," said Lord Francis, thoughtfully, "generally had some reward."

"Did they?" she asked, negligently.

"Yes; invariably their mistresses"—Miss Chalcraft withdrew her arm abruptly—"proffered some token in recognition of their prowess. For example, the hero was often rewarded by his lady permitting him to—"

"It's just about here," said Miss Chalcraft, peering into the ambient gloom.

"Permitting him to—," resumed her companion, and was again interrupted.

"The number is 15, please. Isn't that 15?"

It certainly was 15. Lord Francis reluctantly went up the steps of the porch and rang. A servant appeared, at sight of whom Miss Chalcraft's face fell. Lord Francis could see her well under the fanlight.

Glenhope Street? No; that was the next road but two.

They descended into the street again. "I was sure you were leading me wrong," said Miss Chalcraft; "we ought to have gone farther on before crossing."

"It's all my fault," agreed Lord Francis. "But we shan't be long. Let me have your—" Miss Chalcraft quickly gathered her wrap about her arms. They moved on silently, and turned a corner.

"I believe it's the next street," he volunteered, cheerfully. A succession of noises assailed their ears, and then there came a loud crash. Miss Chalcraft cried "Oh!" and seized his arm.

"It's probably a van knocked into something," he explained, and pulled her aside for security into a doorway. The loom of a van was in the fog close by, and Miss Chalcraft said, tremulously, "This must be a stable or something. They're coming in here."

"It's a house," he said, "but they seem to have taken a fancy to it, and so we'll surrender." He took her dexterously down the pavement, and they came to a crossing. "Next street but two. This is it," he declared, and assisted her across. They walked on blankly, but the pavement seemed to have ended.

"We haven't got into Kensington Gardens, have we?" she asked, nervously.

"Oh dear, no!" he said, confidently. "We're in Glen—" They came abruptly against a wall.

"Oh, I knew we were in a stable," she said, tearfully, as the undoubted smell of a mews rose about them, "and my dress—"

"I believe we are now," he said, remorsefully.

"It's quite absurd your pretending to know your way!" said Miss Chalcraft, indignantly. "I could have done better myself."

"Oh, I'm sorry; I'll leave you," he said, humbly.

"Not—not just yet," she said, timidly. "Oh, do get me out of this hateful place!"

Lord Francis called out, and a man approached out of the gloom, into which he vanished when he had said, "Just round the corner."

Miss Chalcraft's courage revived, and her spirit. "You see, you lost me," she remarked.

"Yes, we're both of us lost now," he admitted. "I wasn't before, but now—"

"Oh, isn't that like a man, and generous?" she said, with disdain, and trudged on in an ostentatious silence. They emerged from the mews and turned a corner. As they did so a cart blundered towards them, and he hailed it—

"Where's Glenhope Street?"

"Round the corner," came the answer.

"D—confound these corners!" muttered Lord Francis.

"I'm going there," suggested the driver, "if you'll follow."

"We certainly will," said Lord Francis, with decision, and he seized his companion's arm once more. At Number 15 they stopped and both ascended to the porch.

Miss Chalcraft withdrew her arm. "Thank you very much," said she, politely, putting out a hand.

"But those knights-errant—the reward!" he protested.

"Oh, how absurd!" she said, and rang the bell hastily.

"I'd better see if there are any smuts," he suggested, humbly, and bent forward to scrutinise her face. It emerged prettily in the gloom. "There's one, I think." He pulled out a handkerchief. "They used to be permitted sometimes to—"

"I'm sure there's none!" said Miss Chalcraft, moving uneasily.

"Just one, I think—near—just about the dimple in your—"

"How ridiculous!" said Miss Chalcraft; and, instantly afterwards, "Lord Francis, how dare you!"

The door opened, and the man-servant stood in the full light, but Miss Chalcraft was veiled in gloom. She put out her hand. "Good-bye," she said, graciously. "I'm so much obliged to you for helping me find the house."

"But I'm dining here, too," explained Lord Francis.

"Oh!" said Miss Chalcraft, weakly. "Oh!" she repeated, in dismay.

THE END.

Artists' Sitters. By Dudley Hardy.



REVIVAL OF "THE TAMING OF THE SHREW,"
AT THE ADELPHI.



MR. OSCAR ASCHE AS CHRISTOPHER SLY

Photograph by Johnston and Hoffmann.

REVIVAL OF "THE TAMING OF THE SHREW,"
AT THE ADELPHI.



MISS LILY BRAYTON AS KATHARINA.

Photograph by Johnston and Hoffmann.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

MR. W. D. HOWELLS has gone to San Remo, where he may remain through the winter. He has enjoyed his stay in England, and will in due time record his impressions. Mr. Howells has been struck by the variety of local colour to be found in England, where the highways and byways out of London "are so many roads leading back to the Old England of story and history."

Mr. Hilaire Belloc's new work will be a study of the career of Marie Antoinette and will be published next year. Mr. Belloc's books on Danton and Robespierre show his thorough knowledge of the French Revolution.

One of the most welcome of recent books is Miss Wormeley's translation of Sainte-Beuve's "Portraits of the Seventeenth Century." It comes appropriately enough on the occasion of Sainte-Beuve's centenary. Sainte-Beuve was accustomed to spend sixty hours on his weekly contribution to the *Revue de Paris*. Much of this time was

special Fiction Editor, who is chosen for his knowledge of the public taste. Mr. Gribble exaggerates in describing this Fiction Editor as necessarily illiterate. His qualification is that he should gauge the taste of the public. The length of each instalment is fixed; there must be effective curtains at the end of the instalment; there must be love, and crime, and a happy ending. Then the Fiction Editor advises the novelist on his plot after the scenario has been submitted to him. Mr. Gribble says that the stories are much of a muchness, "and anyone who can write at all can write them—with the single exception of the man of genius or of originality too strong to be suppressed." Here also there is exaggeration. There are only a few writers who are able to make large incomes by this kind of work. In some instances, special men are appointed to read over the new foreign novels, and to copy out any novelties of plot which may be adapted to the English taste. Even writers of position are now more and more expected to employ "curtains"; that is, conclusions which provoke the interest



[DRAWN BY RALPH CLEAVER.]

A PLAIN TALE FROM THE HILLS.

GUEST: Yes, it was a forsaken hole; but they had a billiard-table there, and we used to play pool a lot. Worst of it was, all the colour was worn off the balls.

HOST: How on earth did you distinguish them, then?

GUEST: Oh, the marker knew them by the shape.

given to the most careful reading. He studied each author afresh and exhaustively, not running hastily over the books or selecting episodes, but taking his way step by step through the volumes. He then made his observations and registered his results. It is no wonder that his newspaper criticisms have survived, though he does so little to connect his subjects with the world of thought and feeling outside his own country.

Mr. Hall Caine's "Prodigal Son" is being well received in America, and has been pronounced by a competent critic the 'strongest and most sincere of the author's novels.

One of the most important of forthcoming books will be the Letters of John Ruskin to Charles Eliot Norton. The text has partly been published, but more than one of the portraits will be quite new. The photogravures are especially successful. Ruskin was none too fortunate in the likenesses of him during his lifetime.

To the first number of a promising periodical, the *Albany Magazine*, Mr. Francis Gribble contributes an article "On Giving People what they Want." It gives a useful and, so far as I know, a well-founded account of the new methods adopted in many periodicals for the production of serial novels. The old way was to buy a novel in manuscript from a well-known author and print it in chapters. Nowadays there is a

of the reader. This may or may not affect the literary value of their books. At present, the most popular of the mechanical serial-writers find little or no demand for their stories printed in book form.

The following is a specimen of American humour: "Listen," says the author, his face wreathed in smiles of delight. "Here is a letter from a gentleman who says: 'It may interest you to know that I began reading your latest story yesterday evening on the train going home. Before I realised where I was, I had been carried fifty miles beyond my destination.'" The candid friend raises his eyebrows thoughtfully. "But," he suggests, "possibly it was the motion of the train that put the person to sleep."

The biography of C. G. Leland, author of the famous Hans Breitmann Ballads, has been written by his niece, Elizabeth Robins Pennell, under the title, "An American Gypsy: Poet, Scholar, and Revolutionist." The biography will appear in the first instance in the *Atlantic Monthly*, and is said to reveal the many-sided character of this remarkable man and narrate his adventures. It may be remembered that Leland wrote his Reminiscences at very considerable length.

Sir Gilbert Parker's popularity in America is splendidly maintained. His new book, "A Ladder of Swords," was last month the best-selling book in the United States.

O. O.

FIVE NEW BOOKS.

"BELLAMY THE MAGNIFICENT: AN EXTRAVAGANZA."

By ROY HORNIMAN.
(Chatto and Windus. 6s.)

circulating library. Even the tragedy at the end does nothing to alter the conviction that the men and women never had an existence outside the world of the writer's imagination, and, if we should not care to stay with them for long, the brief sojourn is pleasant enough on foggy afternoons at this season. The author regrets, by way of preface, that, in arranging the materials for his book, the morals were unaccountably mislaid. Happily, the little omission does not matter in the least. Real people may require some sort of morals before they come between the covers of a book, but in the cases of Lord Bellamy, Stevens, Mr. Spottit the detective, and the rest of the figures that occupy the author's variety stage, no morals were needed. They have no more real life than marionettes. Indeed, if Mr. Horniman fails at all, it is where he appears to suggest that we should take his puppets seriously. It is fair to add that the attempt is not made often enough to interfere with our enjoyment of a smart piece of ephemeral work. The dialogue is very bright, and the dedication to Sir Charles Wyndham suggests that the author has realised the possibilities of his book in the form of a comedy. At the same time, Lord Bellamy has too few qualities of heart or brain to secure a prolonged welcome on any stage, and some of the other characters savour too strongly of the stage already.

"ARROWS OF FORTUNE."

By ALGERNON GISSING.
(Arrowsmith. 6s.)

followed by many others of like sort, interspersed with quotations more or less scriptural, and discovered written on the fly-leaf of a book that had lain undiscovered for many years, is the cause of all the peculiar happenings in Mr. Algernon Gissing's latest novel. Marian Kellbrook, who inherits a goodly portion of her character from her father, the writer of the demand for justice, deems it her duty to obey the vague commands of her dead parent, and hence follows a series of dramatic complications, abduction, imprisonment in a smugglers' hiding-place, murder, and sudden death in other shapes. Crispin Cragg, the "notorious sinner" of the denunciation, is a strongly drawn character, and Sir Philip Scorton, Marian's youthful and chivalrous lover, appeals to one's sympathies; but Marian, who, to avenge her father's wrongs, is willing even to marry Hartley Cragg, the son of the "notorious sinner," tries one's patience occasionally. However, the story as a whole is well written, the description of the attack by Sir Philip and his companions on the smugglers' stronghold being particularly well done, and the interest is maintained throughout.

"NEW TREASURE-SEEKERS."

By E. NESBIT
(Fisher Unwin. 6s.)

the present author means ever to be the author of." It is positively cruel of Mrs. Bland, the more so that in one place there are most interesting gropings after the formation of a new society on the lines of "The Would-Be-Goods" and "The Treasure-Seekers," only interrupted by the Great Indian Uncle, who carries off the whole Council—save only poor Dicky—to the Hippodrome. How Dicky was left behind and how his revenge on the porter at the station proved a regular boomerang you will find in the book. Also why Oswald and Alice, imperfectly disguised as "Miss Daisy Dolman and the Right Honourable Miss Etheltruda Bustler on urgent business," as their card stated, went to call on an editor, and many other entertaining adventures. Nevertheless, we feel that we are not, even now, in possession of a tithe of the splendid things which happened to or were done by the Bastables. Therefore, if Mrs. Bland is determined that this shall be the Swan-song of Oswald, the wise young leader, we earnestly beg her to let each of the others in turn become our

The sub-title of Mr. Horniman's latest novel saves criticism a world of trouble. "Bellamy the Magnificent" is not only an extravaganza; it is as brightly written a piece of fooling as may be met with in a month's traffic of the



MR. BART KENNEDY, THE "AMATEUR TRAMP" OF THE "DAILY MAIL."

Photograph by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.

"affectionate author," and we will be their equally affectionate readers. Alice, the brick, who is "a jolly sight more of a gentleman than half the boys at our school," would do a most remarkable book, while Noel's, it is to be feared, would be all in verse, if not poetry. Only "H. O.," dear little "H. O.," is too young to write. But what a real family they are, and how plausible even in their most impossible adventures! No one who has ever been either a boy or a girl—and quite a number of people have never been either—can read Mrs. Bland's book without the keenest enjoyment and sympathy, mingled with admiration for the excellent drawings of Mr. Gordon Browne and Mr. Lewis Baumer.

"THE TALKING MASTER."

By W. TEIGNMOUTH SHORE.
(Isbister. 6s.)

The story to which Mr. W. Teignmouth Shore has given the title of "The Talking Master" is a light and gay but, at the same time, a didactic performance. The hero is a flippant gentleman who, when his adventures begin, finds himself at his wits' end for cash. That Fortune should throw in his way a timely millionaire is natural enough, for here most events take place according to the received fashions of irresponsible fiction. Fred Cross, accordingly, is a lucky person who does not fail to utilise his luck, and, once engaged to instruct in the art of conversing happily, impresses the charm of his personality upon the family of his generous employer, the worthy Ebenezer Riley. It will readily be understood what an arduous task Mr. Teignmouth Shore has set himself when we mention that his hero is required to shine as epigrammatist on every other page, while his pupils have to fill up the gaps and scintillate on their own account. Perhaps the author is at his best when love steps in to develop the theme after the approved fashion, aided by the little widow who carries all, the hero included, before her. The story ends with an original and happy phrase; in fact, this part of the book is on a level with the beginning. Here

and there in the course of the narrative interest is allowed to flag, and the teacher limps as painfully as do the taught. But, though it is a strange production to issue from the pen of a writer whose antecedents are as academic as Mr. Shore's, and though it lacks the distinction which some will have expected, we think the book deserves a welcome on account of its pleasantness of tone, and we wish the author well in his next venture.

"THE SEA-WOLF."

By JACK LONDON.
(Heinemann. 6s.)

"The Sea-Wolf" is something of a paradox, in that it is both old and new. The whole of it is unmistakable Jack London, but it is Jack London as we have known it in the past, and Jack London as we shall hope to know it in the future. The virile touch, the vivid imagery, the strength of word and thought that marked its predecessors mark also the new work, but the ground is different. The wilds of Alaska, the lone trail, yield to the more restricted area afforded by a sailing-ship at sea and to an uninhabited island near Japan: there remains in Wolf Larsen, Captain of the sailing-schooner *Ghost*, the primeval fighting-man of whom the author is so fond and in the depiction of whom he is so adept. This Larsen, the Sea-Wolf of the title, is one of the most fascinating, as he is one of the most striking, characters Mr. London has yet added to the gallery of the men of fiction. Human and devil, brutish rhapsodist and blaspheming visionary, "a male Circe" with his crew as swine, an intellectualist whose very intellectuality but makes him the more dangerous savage, a materialist of materialists, one of whom it is written: "he was a magnificent atavism, a man so purely primitive that he was of a type that came into the world before the development of the moral nature. He was not immoral, but merely unmoral," he dominates the book as surely as he dominated those surrounding him. So outstanding is he that it is the more to Mr. London's credit that his subsidiary characters should also hold the interest, as they most surely do—the members of the mutinous but cowed crew, Cooky, Johnson, Leach, and the rest; Humphrey Van Weyden, dilettante, who, Buck-like, is forced from the soft life to the hard, from library to cabin and cuddy, and Maud Brewster, "the American Mrs. Meynell," with whom he falls in love, are not readily forgotten: they have the glamour of reality.

"Some Rejected Posters." By John Hassall.*



II—FOR SOMEBODY'S WHISKY.

[*Mr. John Hassall's posters may be seen any day on any hoarding in the United Kingdom. His designs, however, are occasionally rejected on the score of eccentricity. In order that they may be preserved as works of art, therefore, we have arranged with the artist to reproduce them in "The Sketch."—Ed.]

Bygone Sportsmen. By Cecil Aldin.



III.—“THE EARTH-STOPPER.”

THE MAGIC KETTLE; OR, A LIQUID-AIR TRAGEDY.



GRAPES ARE INSTANTLY TURNED TO HAILSTONES



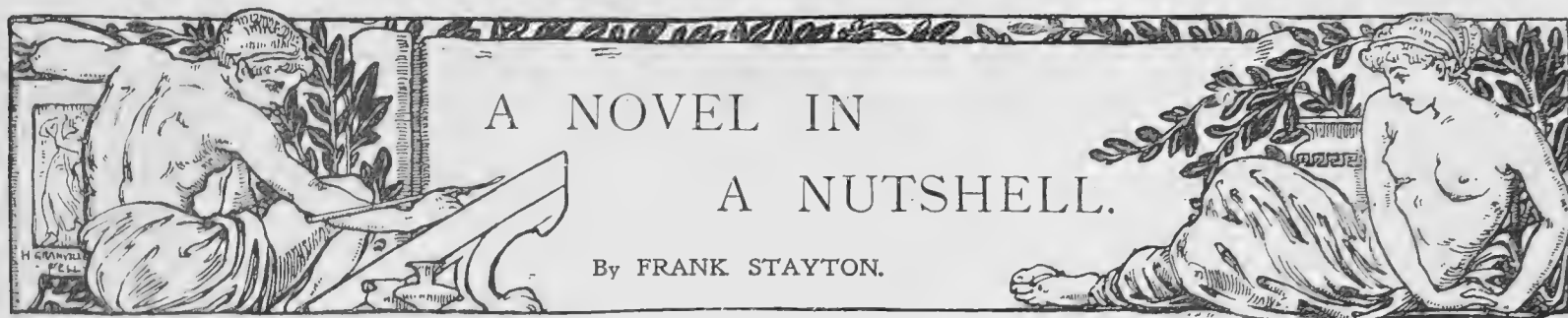
CHRYSANTHEMUMS I CRYSTALLISE IN ONE SECOND AND.....



GREAT HEAVENS



!!!



THE BREAKING OF CHARLIE OXENHAM.

"I have been sport of the Gods long enough."

CHARLIE OXENHAM started life with a large heart and a wonderful belief in everything and everybody. He went to a Public School and learned a number of the useless things they studiously taught him and a few of the useful things they did not teach him. In spite of his devotion to cricket and hockey, his intellect developed apace; and inclination led him to a pen, a sheet of paper, and his imagination—little realising the price he would have to pay for the knowledge to use them.

He taught himself how to write. Of course, he read everything he could lay his hands on. He plunged into Scott and Stevenson; he greedily devoured Thackeray; then Kipling waved his wand and showed him the wonders of the world. Naturally, he attempted imitations, and barbarously murdered the styles of his favourite authors; but he was learning to find his own style, which was slowly developing, unperceived by those who read his work, unnoticed by himself.

Then came six months in London and a succession of visits to the theatre. This led to a study of the British dramatists, ancient and modern. Of course, he wrote a play. Every young man of twenty writes a play. His was not accepted, and it is doubtful if it was ever read.

At the age of twenty-three he found himself alone in the world, with a few hundred pounds in the bank and an immense belief in himself. He determined to make London his headquarters, and, with that object in view, secured a couple of rooms near the Temple, furnished them with a few necessities and some luxuries, including a roll-top desk, a bookcase, and a few choice engravings. Here he would sit and write on every conceivable subject and in every conceivable manner. He joined a Club—an imitation Bohemian Club, to which anyone could be admitted provided he had his subscription in his pocket. He became a regular first-nighter, and wondered whether his plays, when they came to be produced, would silence the gallery into decent behaviour—for once.

A few of his stories were accepted, and some of them were printed; but his progress was very slow, and his few hundred pounds soon diminished in an alarming manner. He determined to work even harder and to give up all unnecessary luxuries.

One day—by some unexplainable accident, due, I rather fancy, to the absence from town of his regular reader, who had gone into the country to nurse her only surviving invalid aunt—a popular actor-manager, happening to glance at a pile of manuscripts that had been put on to a table until the least consequential Commissionaire could find time to do them up and return them "with many thanks for letting me read your play, which, however, I do not consider quite suitable for this theatre, and which I am, therefore, returning with many regrets," had the temerity to rake one out of the heap, which, as he had no appointment to be photographed or interviewed for at least two hours, he sat down and read forthwith. When his secretary came to remind him that the Biograph Company were waiting to take pictures of him, to be shown to music-hall audiences under the title of "Mr. Blankstruther in his Dressing-room," he merely waved that enterprising young gentleman out of the room and continued to read. When he had finished the play, he sat for some time in deep thought. "I think I could play that part," he murmured to himself, with becoming modesty. "It's a good part; it's a long part; there are practically no other parts in the piece worth mentioning. I'm sure it's a part that would suit me. I wonder if it's a good play."

His wife came in about six o'clock to drag him out to dinner. He was full of the discovery he had made. "Confound it!" he fumed. "Miss Laughton read it and was going to send it back, and I might never have even heard of it. It's too bad! I shall engage a new reader. Miss Laughton will have to go."

His wife protested. "Oh, but she can't possibly, dear," she urged. "She's the best maid I ever had, and she is so useful at writing autographs—she imitates both our hands to perfection. If we send her away, I know what it will mean. You'll keep putting off engaging another reader, and Saxby, your dresser, will read all the plays; and then you'll write letters to the papers complaining of the scarcity of dramatists."

"Very well. Say no more about it," replied Blankstruther. "But I shall produce this play. What's the author's name? Oh, Charles Oxenham. Never heard of him. I wonder who he is."

The next morning, Charlie found a letter in his box with

"Macready Theatre" on the envelope. He opened it eagerly. This is what he read—

(Business letters should not be marked "private.")

Macready Theatre, London.

DEAR SIR,—Kindly give Mr. Blankstruther a call at the above address any morning this week at eleven o'clock.—Yours truly,

MICHAEL DERONE (General Manager).

Charlie could scarcely believe his eyes. He read and re-read the note. He glanced at the clock. It was just nine, so he bolted his breakfast, threw the morning paper unread into a corner, and started to dress himself very carefully. He changed his mind as to what he would wear at least a dozen times, but finally emerged, dressed in a frock-coat and top-hat, at ten-fifty precisely. Fearing to be late, he jumped into a hansom and was soon deposited at the Macready Theatre.

He went along the passage to the stage-door and inquired for Mr. Blankstruther. The stage-door keeper looked him up and down, then, with a great effort, heaved himself out of his seat behind the glass partition, and wheezily descended the stairs. Presently he returned. "Not come in yet," he grunted. "Better inquire at the box-office."

"Mr. Blankstruther is out of town," said the box-office clerk.

"But I have an appointment at eleven o'clock," said Charlie, anxiously.

"What name?" inquired the clerk.

Charlie told him. The clerk telephoned through to the offices upstairs. "They are expecting him every minute," he announced. "Better sit down and wait."

Charlie obeyed instructions. He amused himself by studying the various people who came in to book seats. Finally, at one o'clock or a little after, Mr. Blankstruther dashed up in a cab and rushed upstairs as though the dogs of war were snapping at his heels. Charlie strolled over to the box-office and reminded the clerk of his appointment. The clerk repeated his telephonic inquiries, and, after a few moments, announced that Mr. Blankstruther would see Mr. Oxenham in a few minutes.

At last the bell rang. "Mr. Blankstruther will see you now," said the clerk. "Up the stairs, through the saloon, second on the right."

Charlie flew up the stairs and arrived at the door named completely out of breath. He knocked nervously. "Come in," said a voice. He obeyed it. Blankstruther appeared to be a genial and jolly sort of fellow, and Charlie conceived a violent liking for him. He talked warmly of the play and expressed a keen desire to interpret the leading part. "Of course, there are one or two little things that require altering, but they can be done at rehearsal. Otherwise, the play is as right as rain," he added, consolingly.

Charlie ventured to breathe the word "Terms."

"My dear boy," replied Blankstruther, "you must discuss all that sort of thing with Derone, my manager; he knows my views and will give you all the information you want. If you agree to my proposals, the play will go into rehearsal soon after Christmas. By the way," he added, "I haven't the slightest objection to your attending the rehearsals. Some managers are prejudiced against authors. I'm not. I don't mind owning that I can't run my theatre without them."

Charlie protested that he was the easiest man in the world to get on with. "By the way," interrupted his companion, "I don't like the title. It doesn't seem to me to mean anything. It's very pretty and poetical, I grant you; but surely it would be better to call it by some name that would appeal to the man in the street. Why not 'The Marriage Handicap'?"

Charlie flushed. "Isn't that rather trite? It sounds like a literary oleograph," he protested.

"My boy," replied Blankstruther, "don't be led away by subtlety or symbolism. If you want to succeed, be obvious, blatantly obvious. Don't suggest things; hammer them home. Remember, your English audience leaves its brains at home when it goes to the theatre. Make your good people good, and your bad people bad. Label 'em. Don't try to make your characters real. They want to be told a fairy-tale. If you once try to tell 'em the truth, you're done."

"Surely an author should draw the thing as he sees it?" urged Charlie.

"No, my boy," replied Blankstruther, impatiently; "he must draw it as his audience wish to see it. He had better take his views of life and his theories and his sincerity and drop 'em in the Thames,

if he hopes to be a successful playwright. Superficiality is the key-note of the British stage," he concluded, rising and holding out his hand.

Charlie took the hint. "Go in and see Derone—first door on the left," said Blankstruther. "Good-bye. Glad to have met you," and Charlie found himself in the passage.

He knocked at the first door on the left, with his courage in his boots, feeling unaccountably depressed by what the actor-manager had told him. "Come in," said Derone. Charlie did so, and introduced himself.

"Pleased to meet you," said Derone. "Have a cigarette?"

Derone was the type of young man that is gradually securing a controlling interest in the British drama. Educated at Harrow and Cambridge, he gave people the impression of being a charming and cultured gentleman. He had come into the theatrical business without any knowledge, but, by keeping his eyes open, he had speedily secured a position of confidence, and now his advice was asked and his opinion valued on all kinds of matters, from stage-decoration to salaries.

Derone read Charlie the draft of a contract he had drawn up. "It is our usual contract," he observed. "They all use it, from Pinero downwards."

Charlie opened his eyes. "It's not exactly what I expected," he admitted.

"My dear sir, you can't expect to get the same terms as men who are known and who have been through the mill," said Derone.

"But you said it was your usual contract—," began Charlie.

"The clauses are the usual ones. The terms are not always the same, as you can understand," replied Derone.

After a good deal of argument, Charlie, with a sigh, accepted. He was to get a hundred pounds down on account of fees, and a small royalty on every performance. Blankstruther was to have the option of taking over the whole of the acting rights within two years of the London production. It was a shockingly unfair contract, but beginners have to learn by experience.

Charlie left the theatre with his head on fire. It was not at all what he expected it would be. Instead of the amicable arrangement between two gentlemen that he had looked for, it seemed to him like the worst kind of business deal between two City sharpers, each trying to get the better of his opponent. However, it was no use crying; and, at least, he was to have a chance of making his voice heard.

For three months he worked steadily on a new play. Occasionally he dropped in on Derone to hear what was going. He was getting rather anxious. Fortunately, he had received his hundred pounds, but that would not last for ever. He finished his new play and started it on its rounds. He had two copies typed, which was expensive work, but he thought it safer. It was so hard to get a play read; managers kept them locked up in their cupboards for months. An author was lucky if he could get four managers to read one play in a year; and, when it was read, the opinion was of little value. The managers seemed to imagine that anyone was capable of rejecting plays.

Charlie began to lose confidence in himself. By now he had four plays going the rounds. Occasionally he renewed the covers as they were beginning to look shabby. They were very favourably reported on, but the managers all had their plans made so far ahead. They regretted very much they could not see their way to making Mr. Oxenham an offer for his play. Sometimes he maliciously put pieces of paper in between the leaves, and when the play came back he would find the pieces of paper untouched. When he read in the papers the usual managerial complaint that there were no dramatists, Charlie felt inclined to write that there were no managers capable of judging a play or with pluck enough to give a new man a chance.

At last he received a letter from Derone to the effect that his play would be put into rehearsal on the following Monday. His spirits revived, and he burned the letter he had just written to his landlord giving notice that he would be leaving his rooms that day fortnight.

He arrived at the theatre half-an-hour before the rehearsal was called, hoping to have a few minutes' chat with Blankstruther, but he had not yet arrived. Towards half-past twelve the members of the Company commenced to straggle in one by one, having had to postpone several most important social engagements for the purpose of hearing the play read, which annoyed them. Everyone wondered who the worried-looking young man who was pacing up and down the stage could be. At last Blankstruther arrived. After a few more minutes were wasted in pleasant conversation, chairs were placed in a circle, and Blankstruther started to read the play, having hurriedly introduced Charlie to the Company. He was in a hurry and he read it very badly. Charlie watched the people's faces anxiously. Nobody was interested. Everyone was bored. There was only one exception—a girl. Her eyes filled with tears at some of the scenes which were very delicately written, and Charlie's heart went out to her.

Rehearsals commenced. Blankstruther cut and slashed and altered without consulting Charlie. One day he stayed away as a protest, but no one noticed his absence. The whole meaning of the play had been altered to suit Blankstruther's particular style; the comedy had been vulgarised, the pathos had been practically eliminated.

On the first-night it received the usual mixed reception. On the next morning, the papers spoke warmly of Blankstruther's magnificent attempt to save a poor play from disaster, and hoped he would speedily find a better one to replace the unfortunate production of the night before. One or two of the thoughtful critics saw promise in the work, but their notices came too late to be of much use. The play was withdrawn after six performances, and Blankstruther, having let his theatre to a French Company, went off holiday-making. Charlie

accepted the verdict standing up like a man, but when he reached his rooms he broke down utterly.

Then things began to go very badly with him. Charlie had been for a long time engaged to a very nice girl in the country. They had known each other as children, and were to be married directly Charlie had made what they considered was a fair start. But, the morning after the play was withdrawn, he received an incoherent sort of letter from her to say that she couldn't stand the way her people behaved to her any longer, and that she had promised to marry a wealthy young officer who was quartered in the neighbourhood, and she knew he would never forgive her; but it all seemed so hopeless, and she would never forget him, but he must never think of her again.

Then Charlie's nerve went to pieces. His plays came back to him with machine-like regularity. He would write half through the night, but his money was exhausted and he could not afford to pay for the typing of what he wrote. He had given up his rooms and had taken a small one somewhere off the Gray's Inn Road.

I lost sight of Charlie completely for some months; but one night, on coming out of the Avenue Theatre, I saw what appeared to me to be a very familiar figure. I crossed the road and followed him. There was a nasty fog, and the Embankment was looking the reverse of cheerful. The figure in front of me stopped opposite the Savoy and turned to look over the coping. It was Charlie. I went up to him and touched him on the arm.

He turned to me with a look on his face I shall never forget. "You were a minute too soon," he whispered. "Damn you, why did you follow me?"

I saw he was badly in want of food, and he spoke in a wild, irresponsible manner. I hustled him into a cab and drove him to my rooms. When we reached them he had fallen asleep. I roused him and somehow got him upstairs, and put him down in an arm-chair in front of the fire. He looked ten years older than when I had last seen him. His face was drawn and lined, his cheeks were hollow, his clothes in the last stage of shabbiness and dirt. I made him sip warm milk and brandy, and after a while he became almost his old self.

He told me his story. Bad luck had dogged him. He could get nothing accepted. I know his work was good; he had an easy, graceful style, and he wrote of things as he saw them. When I first knew him he would often walk up and down his room spouting Kipling's "When earth's last picture is painted." The words went down to his very soul—as they must to the soul of any man who makes essays in artistic creation. But there was no place for him in the world. He had lived for a time in one room in Holborn, working day and night; he had seen managers who had spoken charmingly to him about his work, and had hinted mysteriously of something in the future. But he had had the present staring him in the face.

He broke down in the middle of the story and sobbed like a child. Then he startled me by quietly fainting. I rang for the porter, and sent him off for a doctor, and, in the meantime, undressed Charlie and got him into bed. He was simply a living skeleton. What he must have suffered no one will ever know. When the doctor arrived Charlie was delirious. He sent me out to telephone for a nurse.

For nearly a week we fought for his life, but he had no desire to live. We got the fever under, but the exhaustion that followed was the worst sign. The doctor was perfectly candid. "He hasn't got a chance," he asserted, "unless you can revive in him a desire for life."

I was sitting with him very early one morning. The nurse had gone off duty at midnight, completely worn-out. About two o'clock he asked what the time was, and, after he had taken a little nourishment, he began to talk.

"I wonder why God puts you into the world with Hope and Ambition and Belief, and then starts to break your spirit by drying up all the good that's in you and pushing you down every time you try to rise." He spoke quietly, with no trace of excitement.

I ventured a reply. "Perhaps it's because you—the real you—can't find yourself until you've had to look life squarely in the face."

"I don't believe that," said Charlie. "I don't believe in anything—now. I'm beaten. I've tried hard to be brave and to go on fighting; but I'm done. I don't want to go on any more. I'm just too tired of it all to want to live. . . . I know what it is to dread going to bed at night because of having to wake up in the morning and face it all again. Life's nothing but worry, and disappointment, and temptation. You are shown things you long to possess, and then they're sharply withdrawn from your reach and put where you can only see them and long for them, but can never call them your own. . . . Oh, I'm so tired of life! It's so cruel—not only to me, but to nearly everybody. Just a few seem to have all the luck—the sort who don't care and don't think, and who are selfish and self-indulgent and without principle. . . . The pain of the world has eaten its way into my very soul. I'm glad I'm going out. So'd you be—if you were me."

There was a long silence. Only once did he stir, when, towards morning, he clutched my hand and murmured a girl's name very softly once or twice. As the dawn showed dimly through the venetian-blinds and the streets began to hum with the life of the City, the silence in the room became almost oppressive. I crept to the fireplace and endeavoured to coax the fire into life, then moved quietly to the bed and listened. The silence almost spoke to me. I looked at the boy. The despair had vanished from his face. He was smiling. I touched his hand. . . .

Charlie had solved the problem for himself.

THE END.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



THERE has recently come to England—by way of a translation “made in Germany”—Oscar Wilde’s play, “The Duchess of Padua,” his first *excursus* into the domain of poetical tragedy. With “Lady Windermere’s Fan” running at the St. James’s, the work has naturally attracted a good deal of attention among those interested

spoken fiction represented by drama? The question is one which might furnish the subject for an interesting debate among the enthusiastic theatre-goers who devote Sunday evening to the discussion of things theatrical. Anyway, the fact is indisputable that the two plays in which Court and Court-life have been displayed, “His Highness My Husband” and “The Flute of Pan,” have failed to attract audiences in sufficient numbers to justify their continuance. Further, “The Garden of Lies” and “The Prayer of the Sword” also failed to reach a record of a hundred performances.

Mr. Beerbohm Tree’s gift of five hundred pounds, to the Academy for teaching the rudiments of dramatic art which he has founded in connection with his work at His Majesty’s Theatre, may be taken as an earnest of the fact that it is his intention that the good work he has inaugurated shall be prosecuted with all convenient speed, unhampered by that important consideration of making two ends meet which every financial venture has to face. Realising, too, that Nature often dowers with talent those whom fortune has not blessed with means, Mr. Tree has boldly decided that in future the fees are to be exactly half what they were originally, and students can now receive tuition at the rate of six guineas a term or eighteen guineas a year, instead of twelve and thirty-six guineas respectively as formerly.

Perhaps the greatest evidence Mr. Tree could give of his belief in the value of the tuition to be obtained in the school is furnished by the fact that he has just decided that his daughter, Miss Viola Tree, shall become one of the pupils. To those to whom it will seem strange that Miss Tree should be the leading lady of His Majesty’s Theatre while still studying the technique of her art, it will be sufficient to remark that Mr. Tree thinks that it takes a woman five years to acquire not only the mastery of her forces, but complete ease on the stage, though a man requires twice as long. Besides, as Mr. Tree humorously put it the other day, his daughter has been acquiring stage-knowledge all her life, although unconsciously, and she is now in a position in which she may obtain the greatest value from the teaching of the Dramatic Academy.



MISS MADGE LESSING: AN AMERICAN STUDY.

By the Otto Savony Company, New York.

in the drama, not only by reason of the fact that it is further evidence on the point to which attention has already been drawn in this column, that Oscar Wilde has a great reputation as a dramatist in Germany, so that a play of his which no one in his own land has cared to produce may be brought to the notice of the Continental playgoer, but also because it is so essentially different from the modern social plays in which he really made his reputation.

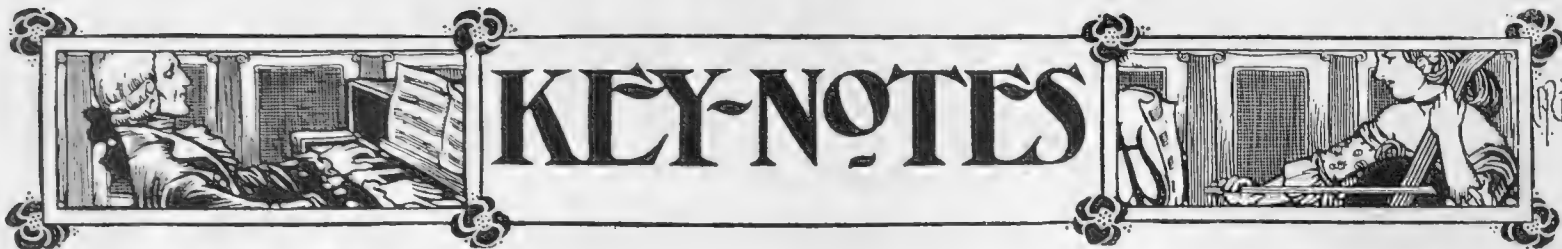
It has been asserted that “The Duchess of Padua” was written for the exquisitely beautiful and highly endowed Mary Anderson (Madame Antonio de Navarro). This is true, but the actress did not produce it. When the scheme of the play was presented to her in scenario form, she liked it very much; but when the work was finished, she did not care for it enough to act in it and she returned it to the author. Later on, the play was sent to the late Mr. Lawrence Barrett, who will be remembered by London playgoers as having played a season at the Lyceum during one of Sir Henry Irving’s visits to America in the middle ’eighties. Mr. Barrett changed the name to “Guido Ferranti,” thus bringing the hero into greater prominence than the part naturally had when the play was designed for an actress to “star” in, and he produced it in 1891 at the Broadway Theatre, New York. The character designed for Miss Anderson was acted by Miss Minna Gale, Mr. Barrett’s leading lady, who, after his death, “starred” for a time, until she married and left the stage. The play was, like everything Mr. Lawrence Barrett produced, a great artistic success. More than that, however, it gave such promise of developing into a property of financial worth that he would undoubtedly have added it to his ordinary repertoire had his life not been so unfortunately cut short in the middle of one of his engagements. Is there any actor or actress-manager who will rescue the play from oblivion? It would certainly be interesting to see it on the stage.

Has the psychological problem formulated by Thackeray, that the public dearly loves a Lord, lost its specific meaning with regard to the



MISS CAMILLE CLIFFORD (THE “GIBSON GIRL”) AND HER PET SPANIEL.

Photograph by Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.



A MAGNIFICENT house invaded Covent Garden on the occasion of the visit of the King and Queen of Portugal, and a special selection was made from three operas, namely, the third Act of "La Bohème," the second Act of "La Tosca," and the second Act of Verdi's "Otello." This latter Act was magnificently rendered; M. Maurel took the part of Iago, and, whether the glamour of the theatre or the intense interest of the vast audience aroused his spirits, he was, if possible, better than on the occasion of his rendering of the part when he was last here in London. Such a performance as this was indeed a lesson in the true art of the lyric stage. In the title-rôle of "La Tosca" Madame Giachetti was truly magnificent; her acting was superlative, and from a purely vocal point of view the performance left nothing to be desired. Mlle. Alice Nielsen both acted and sang very charmingly as Mimi in "La Bohème," and, in fact, the evening was a brilliant and memorable one, and the performance concluded

with the playing of both the English and the Portuguese National Anthems. Throughout the whole performance Signor Campanini conducted very successfully.

It was originally intended that Verdi's "Otello" should conclude the autumn season of opera at Covent Garden by the San Carlo Opera Company; but, owing to the sudden indisposition of Signor Duc, the opera had to be changed to the same composer's earlier work, "Rigoletto." M. Maurel took the title-part, and again demonstrated what a wonderfully fine artist he is, for, despite the lapse of years, we have never thought him greater than he was on this particular occasion. It is now some few years since we heard him, but his voice seemed even better than it was when we last had the pleasure of criticising him. His dramatic treatment of the voice seems with him to defy time—a quite extraordinary revelation of power. Miss

Alice Nielsen, as Gilda, was effective, and the rest of the cast sang with a spirit and peculiar unity which have throughout marked the performances of the San Carlo Opera Company.

A few evenings ago, Miss Muriel Foster gave a vocal recital at the Æolian Hall, assisted by Mr. Egon Petri as solo-pianist and Miss Kate Eadie as accompanist. In "Songs of the Hills," by Mr. Landon Ronald (accompanied by the composer), Miss Muriel Foster sang very charmingly, though we must again advise this singer to beware of exaggeration and not to allow herself to be needlessly overcome by a sense of the dramatic. Mr. Ronald's accompanying was, as it always is, delightful to listen to. In Levaux' "Le Nile," Mr. Egon Petri played exceedingly well, bringing out all the true feeling of the East; he also played certain works by Brahms with great power and showing a keen sense of artistry. Miss Muriel Foster also sang a set of Schumann Songs.

Señor Sarasate has, during the past week, given his final recital of this present season, marked on the programme as by "special request." The hall was exceedingly well filled, which tells a great deal for the drawing powers of Señor Sarasate, for the St. James's Hall is one of the most difficult halls in London really to fill. Dr. Otto Neitzel was the accompanist—a pianist of not very great importance. Sarasate's playing of the Kreutzer Sonata was especially fine. In Raff's "La Fée," arranged for the violin by himself, he was quite perfect; his intonation was perfectly beautiful, and his technique incomparable. His own "Fantaisie" on Mozart's "Don Giovanni" was full of the Southern instinct and passionate spirit which distinguishes the South. As an encore, he gave a Chopin Nocturne, showing his immense personality and power. Sarasate has left us for this season, and we shall look forward to his return, for to our mind he is beyond comparison the finest of any violinists in his immense combination of gifts.

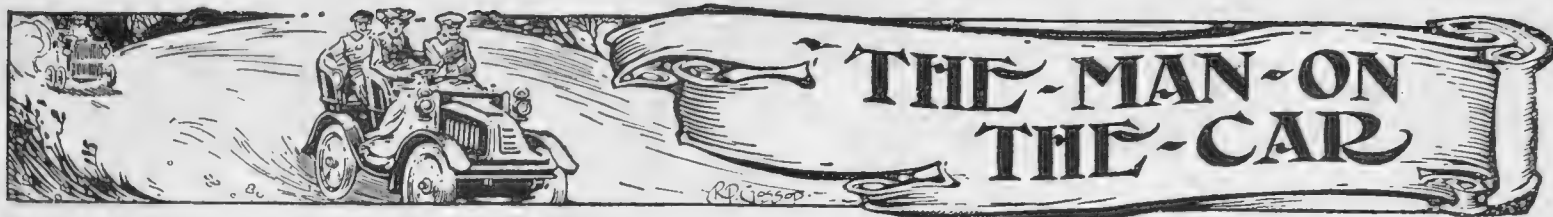
During the week, Mr. Hugo Heinz and Mr. Howard Jones gave a song and pianoforte recital at the Bechstein Hall. Mr. Heinz has an agreeable baritone voice, and his choice of songs gave him the opportunity of displaying many varied shades of expression. He was especially successful in a group of German songs. Mr. Howard Jones played remarkably well, and in his performance of some Brahms solos displayed a fine technique and power. COMMON CHORD.



[DRAWN BY STARR WOOD.]

THE REHEARSAL.

"Orice, yer silly little ass, it's you what's puttin' us out! We ain't got to the 'erald angels yet!"



Cylinders—"Mr. Punch's Almanack"—The Motor in India—Glasgow to London—The Blackpool Trials—Steam—The French Show.

SOME time since, it was more or less the fashion for those who contemplated a small car to assert that they would be more than content with a motor of one cylinder, on the grounds that, in such case, there would be but one exhaust and induction valve, one sparking-plug; indeed, but one of each part likely to give trouble in the engine. This was all very well before the days of reliability, but it does not carry so much weight now. With all parts interchangeable, and special attention given to ease of detachment of parts, the feeling in favour of the one cylinder, with its disconcerting intermittent punch, should give way in favour of the two, three, or four cylinder engine, even at some greater expenditure. In a reasonably priced multi-cylinder car, Messrs. Humber, of Beeston, have shown the way with their three-seater at £215, while the Fabrique National people are putting a four-cylinder motor-cycle engine upon the market. The tyro should realise that, if he can learn to look after one cylinder, he can, with the exercise of a very little more perception, just as easily care for four. I do not expect to find the single-cylinder carenjoyaverylong life in the favour of the public.

If anything were required to show how deeply motoring has grown into our English habits and the influences it now exerts upon the phases of our everyday life, it is only necessary to turn to "Mr. Punch's Almanack" for 1905. In Linley Sambourne's typical cartoon we actually find Mr. Punch himself in a motor, with dog Toby at the wheel occupying the central position; while quips and cranks and conceits various allied to motoring crop up throughout this witty production. One's fancy is most taken, however, by a motoring parody of John Gilpin's wonderful ride. The arrival of the vehicle for the modern Gilpin is thus described—

The morning came, the chauffeur drove
The car up to the doors:
A 16 horse-power, Clincher-tyred
Mercedès-Napier-Mors.

Success promises for the Delhi-Bombay Motor Trials, to which Lord Curzon—now returned to India after the terribly anxious time he has passed through of late—has accorded his patronage. During his late holiday at home and before Lady Curzon was taken so ill, Lord Curzon did much motoring, and, because of the knowledge so acquired of the possibilities of the automobile, his opinion that India is a country pre-eminently suited for the wide introduction of the motor-car will have much weight. Expense may retard its employment for a time, but, as it cheapens, the use of the car will rapidly come within the purview of large numbers, and, with the flat and splendid roads that are to be found in India, coupled with the long distances that have to be traversed, the prospects of a large and profitable user of the motor-car and self-propelled traffic generally in our Indian Dependency cannot be doubted.

It is always regrettable when a fixture and its characteristics are allowed to lapse, particularly when it is such an one as the Scottish Automobile Club's Glasgow to London Non-Stop Reliability Trial, which has proved so favourite and so successful a competition. It is now suggested, and with some truth, that the first day's run to Leeds, and the second to London, are not nearly sufficiently severe tests for modern motor-cars, even of low powers, and it is suggested that, if the Scottish Club carry out a trial next year, the cars entered shall be

flown at higher game. The capable Honorary Secretary of the Club, Mr. Robert J. Smith, proposes that the trial shall last over three days in May next, and that the itinerary shall embrace the principal cities and towns and some of the most mountainous roads and passes in the Scottish Highlands, and that the trial shall include not less than three hill-climbing tests of lengths and severity hitherto unapproached. The addition of these super-severe hill-tests will result in the fitting of very low first-speeds.

It is pleasing to find that the statements made by a "Lancashire Motorist" in a motoring journal as to the obstacles alleged to have been put in the way of the holding of the Blackpool Trials are denied point-blank by the Chairman of the Club, Colonel H. C. L. Holden, R.A. The editor of the journal which gave publicity to these astounding statements is a member of the Club, and surprise is very naturally expressed that, before giving such allegations the publicity of his columns, he made no attempt to bring them under the notice of his own Club Committee.



A MOTOR DUST-CART FOR USE IN PARIS.

It must not be thought, that, because petrol explosion-engines are so popular and in such large use at the present time, steam has by any manner of means said its last word. I hear incidentally that a much-improved Serpollet will be seen at the Salon d'Automobile this month, and that the new White steam-car exhibits some particularly astounding qualities. The possibilities of super-heated steam are by no means done with, when steam, as a gas, is used by the

light of the long experience and innumerable experiments of the White Company. The semi-flash boiler used in the White steam-car has given results under test by C. H. Benjamin, the Professor of Mechanical Engineering at the Case School of Applied Science, which have staggered engineers on this side. To tell the truth, many of them will not credit the figures, and such doubting Thomases are, I am told, to be given the opportunity of carrying out a series of tests for their own satisfaction.

On Friday next, the Annual Salon d'Automobile will open at the Grand Palais, in the Champs-Élysées, Paris. The French Show is still the Show to which the whole automobile world turns for direction and novelty, although whether our own Show to be held at Olympia in February next will hereafter challenge its supremacy remains to be seen. I do not anticipate that those who visit Paris between now and Christmas will find any astonishing novelties of value beneath the roof of the Grand Palais. What they will find, however, amongst all the leading makes are innumerable improvements in detail, refinements in carburettors, and much attention to improvement in material. Notwithstanding the condemnation of the old school of motor-engineers who plump for plain bearings, an all-round tendency to apply ball-bearings everywhere but to the crank-shaft will be noticed, without doubt. The horizontal motor will be conspicuous by its absence, and the vertical four-cylinder motor will be found to dominate at all but the lowest powers. The cylinders in these cases will be found separate on the crank-chamber, as a rule—a method of construction which makes for ease and precision of formation in every way. High-tension magneto-ignition will be found to be more adopted, and in some cases the water-jacket culasse will be formed by metal deposits on cores afterwards melted out of the water-jacket spacing at low temperatures.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

The Guineas—Sandown—Abandonments.

HIS MAJESTY THE KING has three horses left in the Two Thousand of 1905. These are Carstone, a colt by Persimmon—La Carolina; Penshaw, a colt by Persimmon—Vane; and Periamelles—a colt by Persimmon—Leveret. The last-named has passed into other hands, but neither of the trio is likely to be up to classic form, as they are said to be only moderate, and in R. Marsh's opinion the Persimmon stock is not often at its best before the fourth or even the fifth year. M. Blanc has Jardy and Val d'Or engaged in the Two Thousand, and good judges consider that the better of the two should win, especially as Cicero is not in the race. Rouge Croix, nominated by Mr. Hemming, is said to be the best of the Newmarket lot, while Signorino and Mozart are very likely to develop into useful three-year-olds. John Porter's best for the race will be Plum Centre, who is by Persimmon—Fuse. The colt was highly tried as a two-year-old, but ran in disappointing fashion. Mr. J. Buchanan has a useful colt in Golden Measure, by Florizel II.—Fairy Gold, who looks all over like an animal that should improve with age; but I think he will take some riding as a three-year-old. Just now, I think the Two Thousand will be won by M. E. Blanc's selected, which is very likely to be Jardy. The Duke of Devonshire ought to win the One Thousand with Full Cry, a Flying Fox filly.

There should be a big crowd at Sandown Park on Friday and Saturday, as a capital jumping programme has been arranged and many of the best timber-hoppers in training will be seen out. Backers, however, should go slowly, as many of the jumpers are fat and only half-trained. The Sandown course is one of the best in England for steeplechasing. I like it better than Liverpool, as the jumps are quite high enough, and you can see the racing from end to end without the aid of glasses. The walk from the station to the stands is not inviting in wet weather, but, even then, a shilling cab-fare will keep the fair-weather sportsman dry, while motorists have a very nice road to



MR. P. P. GILPIN, THE WELL-KNOWN
OWNER OF RACEHORSES.

Company was so largely over-capitalised, as the earning power is sufficient to pay a 20 per cent. dividend on a reasonable capital. I am told that many of the shares once held by big owners are now in the hands of some bookmakers who, by-the-bye, own shares in all the principal Racecourse Companies, and they are not bad judges either.

But to the horses. The Grand Annual Hurdle-race is very likely to be won by Seahorse II., who is a good animal both on the flat and over timber. He is now trained by Page at Epsom, as Hickey, who used to train for Mr. Spencer Gollan, is seriously indisposed. I am told that May's Pride is a splendid jumper. If so, he ought to win the Sandown Steeplechase.

It is said that some race-meetings, especially under National Hunt Rules, are abandoned prematurely because they are insured. This should not be, and I think that in the case of the Park Meetings in the London district the Clerks of Courses should not be allowed to insure in any case. I am now merely pleading thus in the interests of Club members; who pay a fixed subscription per annum for a fixed number of race-meetings, and get no rebate for abandoned meetings. It would be criminal to suggest that race-meetings should be carried on at all hazards, but no decision should be made to abandon a meeting until every legitimate and human means had been tried in an attempt to bring the fixture off. I am of the opinion that, if officials were debarred from insuring their race-meetings, an invention would soon be forthcoming by which the effects of both frost and snow could be easily nullified. The water-cart, the red-hot roller, the sweeping-machine, and the snow-plough are all well within the range of possibility, and we only want the inventive genius to spring up and give us the right "notion." This would come in the near future if the insuring of meetings were done away with. At least,

CAPTAIN COE.



BYRNE.



DANIELLS.



J. E. RAPHAEL.

THREE FAMOUS INTERNATIONAL RUGBY FOOTBALLERS.

Photographs by Thiele and Co., Chancery Lane.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

IN confessedly hard times like the present, the mere mention of wedding or birthday or even Christmas gift-giving makes an average Christian writhe, and one is apt to consign the benevolent and customary expansiveness of such seasons to a warmer locality than good old Britain in December. Nevertheless, there are gentle memories and associations about the coming merry holiday-time which make one loth to omit wonted remembrances in realising the delight which tokens of love or affection or friendship, or even kindly acquaintanceship, convey. Which of us did not, once upon a time, shiver with anxiety, anticipation, and final ecstasy in the far-away days when Santa Claus was a living reality and the prospect and final assurance of his yearly visitation made all the difference between a débâcle and delight unspeakable? After all, we are only grown-up children to-day, and just as fond of our high-days and holidays as if we had not exchanged our Noah's Arks and battledores for diamonds and sables and other grown-up bedizements. So, when it comes to the question of saving or souvenirs, let such economies go to the wind, say I, and give the reflective stage a rest until the New Year brings its annual sheaf of requests and reminders and actualities and polite invitations to pay.

In which connection aforesaid it may be useful to note that a capital shop to buy presents of all sorts is Wilson and Gill's, "The Goldsmiths," of 141, Regent Street. From the diamond tiara of a thousand guineas to the small, modest brooch, albeit of gold and pearls, for merely seven-and-sixpence, some of their novelties in jewellery for the Christmas season seem absurdly inexpensive. Take the opal and ruby drop necklet, for example, illustrated on this page, which can be purchased for twelve pounds only; also the graceful pearl pendant for £6 10s.; another good design, with tourmaline, pearl, and diamond, for £7 5s.; while cheap and useful exceedingly is the set of gold and turquoise safety-pins

sent in a pretty case for thirty shillings. A gold purse is what every woman longs to own, and Wilson and Gill's prices offer that pleasing possibility to all, as their figures for these coveted articles range from two to twenty guineas. One greatly admires their toilette-sets of tortoiseshell inlaid with silver in the daintiest devices—a gift fit for a Fairy Queen; and for mere man there are patent safety-

razors in cases of tie-clips, crushed-morocco shaving-paper cases, travelling shaving-pot in silver, with lamp and spirit-bottle, all to fold up; and a clever idea for hunting is the leather wristlet, with silver flat match-box attached, for merely twelve shillings. Silver billiard-chalk cases at three shillings each are a novelty, and the new carriage-clock without hands or dial is a capital invention costing only twenty-five shillings. Entirely new is a silver flower-vase after the style of a Louis Seize jardinière. Four on

a dinner-table would make a unique decoration, being especially suitable to small flowers. Lastly, for the practically minded, a fireproof chafing-dish on stand especially appeals amongst a multiplicity of fascinating and original devices invented for the comfort and pleasure of fortunate future owners.

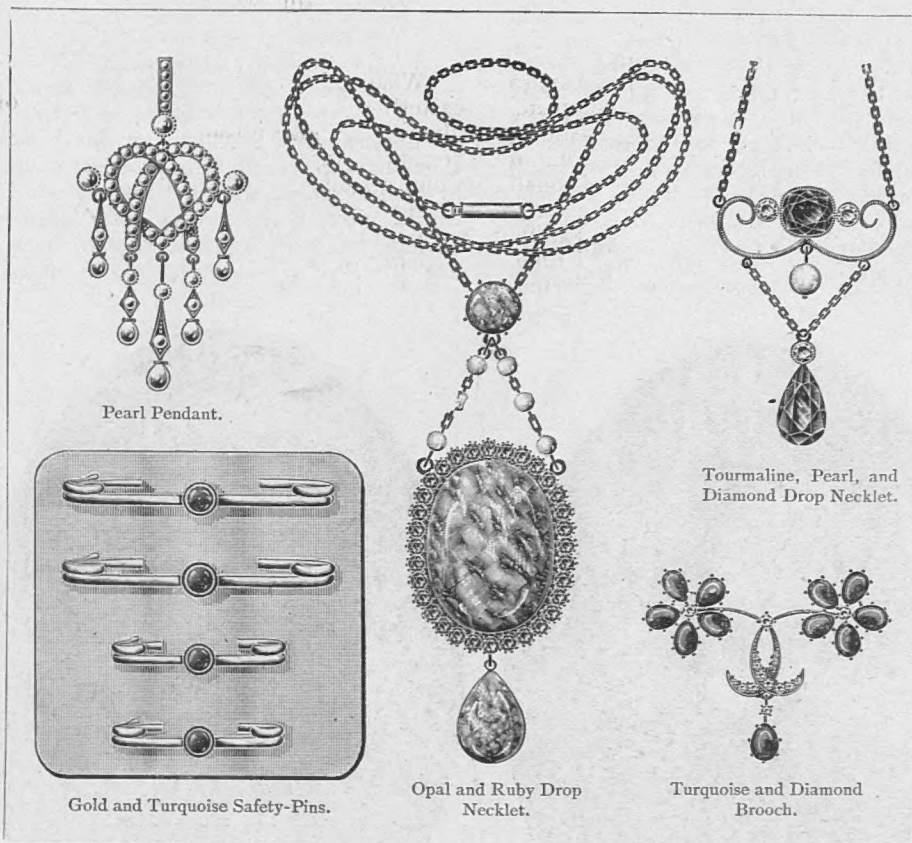
If extreme moderation in price and extreme excellence of "make and material" be a consideration with the average mortal, as one believes it to be, then the Alexander Clark Manufacturing Company

should be the *Ultima Thule* of the Christmas present-giver, for here one finds the word "bargain" most literally and liberally construed in the working of a highly successful business. The Alexander Clark Manufacturing Company's Christmas Catalogue, appropriately called "Novelties," is a booklet full of agreeable surprises, and should be sent for by everyone unable to visit 188, Oxford Street. Novelties in jewellery, in silverware, in clocks, in dressing-bags are illustrated in its pages at astonishingly get-at-able prices, and a few trifles taken at random are shown here, which include the latest departures of their kind. The locket-bracelet, to take two photographs or miniatures, is an especial improvement on the old curb bracelet, as it cannot be lost, a fate which too frequently overtook these tokens of friendship. The locket must be opened to admit the hand, and, when shut, is an absolute safeguard. A delightfully modelled baby's cradle in silver is

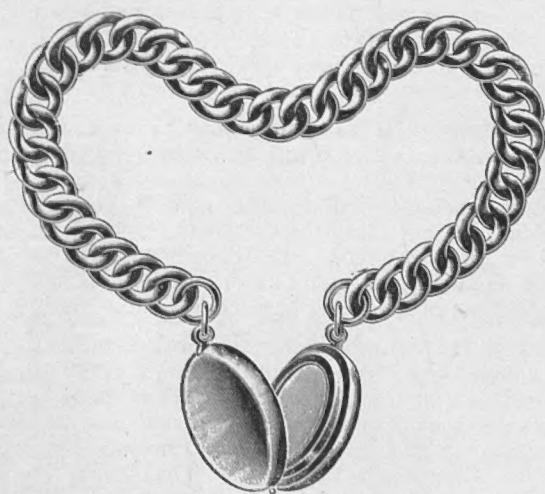
the newest thing for holding cigarettes and costs only a trifle, and the combination ash-tray and cigar-cutter is a present to gratify the heart of any smoker. In a beautiful case of morocco, reposing on

velvet, lie six silver-mounted tea-cups and saucers of finest decorated Coalport china. These, with spoons to match, cost only £5 15s. the set, and look worth twice the amount. An automatic portrait-locket in gold shows four photographs by merely turning the ring at top. It is exceedingly ingenious and inexpensive. The Alexander Clark Company have patented it in England and abroad. Greatly do I incline to expansive description of the jewellery which glitters so seductively on every side at such seemingly inadequate prices, but eloquence is closed by the unbending dimensions of these columns, so one must be content to invite attention finally to the Company's gold charm-bracelet, which boasts five or six luck-bringing symbols, beautifully modelled, and costs a mere figurative song. There is also a sovereign-purse shaped like a seal, and which can be used as such when shut—an exceedingly ingenious toy, equally suitable for the mere male or his better-half, as it can be attached to bangle or watch-chain.

One finds that Sainsbury's have established themselves as firmly at 136, Regent Street, as during the sixty years they graced the Strand. Their specialities of "Marquis" Chocolates, Fruit Syrups, Lavender Water, and perfumes are as much in favour with an always increasing public as ever, beautiful boxes in hand-painted satin and brocade, or the finest productions of Japanese artists, or, again, the artistic glass-ware and pottery of the late Emile Gallé, being the dainty mediums in which their famous fondants and chocolates

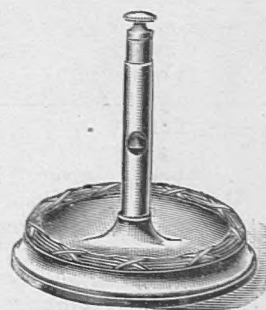


NEW JEWELLERY AT WILSON AND GILL'S.

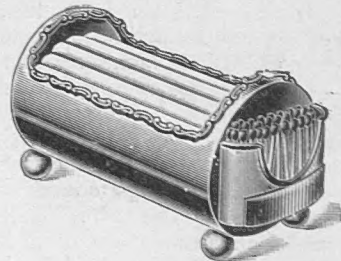


LOCKET-BRACELET BY THE ALEXANDER CLARK MANUFACTURING COMPANY.

leather or silver, crocodile betting-books, gold tie-clips, crushed-morocco shaving-paper cases, travelling shaving-pot in silver, with lamp and spirit-bottle, all to fold up; and a clever idea for hunting is the leather wristlet, with silver flat match-box attached, for merely twelve shillings. Silver billiard-chalk cases at three shillings each are a novelty, and the new carriage-clock without hands or dial is a capital invention costing only twenty-five shillings. Entirely new is a silver flower-vase after the style of a Louis Seize jardinière. Four on



Combination Ash-tray and Cigar-cutter.



Baby's Cradle Cigarette-box.

AT THE ALEXANDER CLARK MANUFACTURING COMPANY'S.

are conveyed to lucky recipients. A matter of special interest to Sainsbury's wide *clientèle* is that they have recently fitted up a factory for the entire production of their own chocolates from the very bean as it is imported, so that absolute purity in its manufacture is guaranteed. The Sainsbury chocolates are prepared by a Parisian *chef* great in this toothsome art, and when enclosed in one of the exquisite productions of Japanese artists which are on show must surely form one of the most acceptable Christmas gifts that the heart of child or woman can rejoice over. The Eau-de-Cologne, Lavender Water, and real-flower perfumes, which are only obtainable at Sainsbury's, have likewise a cachet of their own, being absolutely pure in preparation, without any of the chemicals which make many modern perfumes so volatile, and, like all other products of this famous house, bear the imprint of honesty and excellence.

There is only one Peter Robinson, and his underground palace of varieties is a very Aladdin's lake of wonders this Christmas. Such toys—mechanical, "articulated," or inanimate—such games, such animals in felt and fur, such dolls as never were seen before, from the miller's daughter, who uses a skipping-rope in the most lifelike way, to ladies of the Court, with feathers, brocade, tiara, and all complete. For martial young England there are toy fortresses, bastions, cannon, and defenders; for up-to-date infants, toy motor-cars of all possible makes and dimensions; for the merely noisy sort of small boy—and these are the most frequent—one finds drums, cornets, trumpets, tambourines, all of the most approved ear-splitting quality, such as endless generations have used and will use to the end of time. Nor are the more grown-up varieties of the *genus homo* neglected.

Dainty furs, handsome belts variously ornamented with embroideries, cut-steel sequins, and what not, are on view. Hand-painted satin sachets, beguiling exceedingly, fur pelerines and muffs, lace collars and handkerchiefs, delicate lace tea-cloths and doyleys, jewelled hair-combs, pearl collars, silver-backed brushes and toilette "fixin's" variously, completely equipped dressing-cases, the new soft walrus-skin purses, smart cases of French perfume, lamp-shades in many-shaded silks, delightful coloured prints and carbon photographs in artistic frames, are amongst the many beguiling impedimenta with which we love to surround ourselves in these days of learning and luxury for the million. Many things beside will be seen at Peter Robinson's by those who adventure themselves and the young folk in his Christmas Bazaar, where everything is cheap, attractive, and original.

It is curious how associations cling about a sound, a song, a poem, a scent even, and how, long after the passing of white or black days in one's life, memory will vividly re-picture half-forgotten incidents at the mere sound of a few bars in music, the hearing one line in a verse, the perfume of a flower, perhaps. A friend of mine uses, for instance, a certain scent prepared from Indian blossoms, and her presence in a room always brings its association of dim Eastern nights and blazing noons, of brown natives and white temples, and scarlet hibiscus, and the mystery and glamour of the East in a breath. This very scent is manufactured solely in this country by J. Grossmith and Son, and is known as "Phul-Nana," another Oriental perfume called "Hasu-no-Hana" being the companion distillation which first brought fame to this famous house. Messrs. Grossmith are now bringing out another essence, called "Trefolia," which is certain to have a wide appreciation. It is the actual scent of the clover-blossom, and, being absolutely pure and of the highest concentration, is lasting and fragrant without being cloying. The "Trefolia Soap" is a joy to use, and brings the flower-laden atmosphere of a summer meadow into one's bedroom, besides being most beneficial to the skin from the superfine ingredients of which it is composed.

"Dazzleine" strikes one as an excellent name for the new preparation for cleaning silver. It absolutely makes the metal wink with its own brightness, and so defies the evil spirit of London fog and smoke that silver or electro-plate cleaned by its aid retains what may be called an unnatural brilliancy when the usual daily slavery of the butler's pantry is called to mind. I once had an otherwise irreproachable man-servant who always got uncomfortably thirsty after a Metropolitan fog, never on any other occasion in the year. He used to say it was the silver photo-frames "crowding in on his mind."

We always forgave him for his other virtues. Now "Dazzleine" will never allow the smallest excuse for such aberrations. It has all the virtues and none of the vices common to plate-polishes—such as acids, mercury, and grit—so the precious metals cleaned by it should live for ever, like King Darius. All grocers keep it. It costs sixpence, a shilling, and half-a-crown.

In response to urgent requests from numerous clients in the North, Mrs. Pomeroy, the famous beauty specialist, opens this week a branch at Glasgow. Her rooms at 206, Sauchiehall Street, are delightfully spacious, light, and airy. The artistic scheme of decorating and furnishing them is entirely Mrs. Pomeroy's own design, and one that impresses at once a sense of comfort and restfulness, cosy warmth, yet business-like usefulness. Mrs. Pomeroy will be in Glasgow herself during the next fortnight, and can be consulted, free of charge, between ten and five each day, except Saturday, when her hours will be from ten till two.

SYBIL.

What with fog and snow, with intervals of biting northerly or easterly winds, "Merrie England" has of late been looking decidedly glum. To those fortunate enough to be able to avail themselves of an opportunity of leaving it for a season, the Brighton Railway Company offer a tempting prospect of blue skies and bright sunshine by Mediterranean shores. For ten guineas or so they will provide you with a circular ticket (first-class) from any of their stations to the Riviera, where for a period of sixty days you may wander at will from one to the other of the various delightful pleasure-places. Fast

steamers, corridor-carriages, and restaurant-cars combine to render the journey both quick and comfortable, and, if you wish, night-travelling may be entirely avoided. Second-class tickets are also issued at a trifle over seven guineas. A line to the Continental Traffic Manager, Brighton Railway, London Bridge, will ensure an early reply giving full particulars.

Mr. Starr Wood, whose marriage to Mrs. Donston takes place to-day (Dec. 7) at Fulham Parish Church, is well known to *Sketch* readers as a clever and genial caricaturist. On leaving school, Mr. Wood entered the office of a chartered accountant, but soon decided that figure-drawing was a

more congenial pursuit than adding up columns. Since then his work has become familiar in these pages and in those of *Punch* and many other journals. Mrs. Donston is the widow of the late Mr. Alex. J. Donston, and daughter of Mr. W. Humpherson, of Clifford's Mesne, Gloucestershire.

The *Pelican* Christmas Number is as entertaining as ever, for, following the custom of past years, Mr. Frank Boyd has collected within its pages a number of contributions by our leading managers, actors, and actresses, each accompanied by the writer's portrait. Last year Mr. George Edwardes got almost as far as the title of his story; this year he has been busily engaged in the consideration of its style. Perhaps, next year, he will go a step farther and send in the first few lines of the plot. Most of the items have considerable merit.

"In the Middle Ages the District of Aldgate was probably one of the most important in London, largely on account of its proximity to the Tower, which still continued during Queen Elizabeth's reign to be a royal residence and attracted a number of the nobility and gentry to the neighbourhood; but chiefly because of the . . . Priory of Holy Trinity . . . the richest and largest in England." Thus runs the opening sentence of a little book which should be a valued possession of all lovers of London Town. It is entitled "Aldgate: 1500-1904," and has been compiled by Mr. Richard Kemp, of Eden, Fisher, and Co., Limited, to commemorate the election of Alderman John Pound as Lord Mayor of the City of London. The present Lord Mayor possesses a peculiar claim on the affections of Londoners, for, as the dedication runs, "he was born in the Ward of Aldgate, 1829, lived and traded in it all his life; receiving the City's highest honor amidst the unanimous good wishes of his fellow citizens," and nothing happier could have been suggested to celebrate his Mayoralty than the publication of this beautifully printed brochure, with its numerous illustrations of ancient and modern Aldgate.



[Photograph by Chapman.]

MRS. DONSTON.



[Photograph by Russell.]

MR. STARR WOOD.

TO BE MARRIED TO-DAY (DEC. 7) AT FULHAM PARISH CHURCH.

ATTRACTIVE CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

THE popularity of silver-ware for Christmas presents has steadily increased of late, in accordance with the cheapening of the metal, and it is a pleasure to find that the leading houses, like Mappin and Webb and Mappin Brothers (recently amalgamated), still devote the same careful craftsmanship to their productions as of old, allied to the choicest and most artistic designing. The floridly ornamented "bargains" of tissue-paper thickness do not find place in the stocks of these famous firms, but a vast range of beautiful objects, some at quite ridiculous prices, are ranged to tempt the most fastidious taste and delight lucky recipients of all degrees. A new catalogue, profusely illustrated, has just left the printers' hands, in which may be found some thousands of suggestions for gifts, all of practical utility and all eminently desirable.

Messrs. Mappin and Webb will send a copy, post free, upon receipt of post-card, from either of their three London houses, namely, 220, Regent Street, W., 158, Oxford Street, W., and 2, Queen Victoria Street, E.C., and we illustrate a few inexpensive yet dainty examples from its pages. The afternoon-tea service of charming antique shape costs (complete) £7, whilst the jewel-casket of beautiful planished silver, chastely engraved by hand, a veritable *objet d'art*, may be obtained for £6 17s. 6d. For a mere man the silver shaving-bowl and brush is an ever-popular gift, and costs but 27s. 6d. complete, and our sketch hardly does justice to the elegant form of the Chippendale inkstand, for which £4 10s. must be considered a very low figure. The round photo-frame also shown is a departure from the stereotyped form, and may be obtained for half-a-guinea, for which sum many variations of design may be obtained. A visit to the show-rooms, either in City or West-End, will serve to establish the fact that the most difficult problem confronting Messrs. Mappin and Webb at this season is to convey on paper any adequate idea of the manifold beauties of their manufactures.



SILVER-WARE FOR CHRISTMAS PRESENTS AT MAPPIN AND WEBB'S.

A Royal Warrant of Appointment to His Majesty the King has been granted to "Perrier," the French *Natural Sparkling Table-Water*.

The South-Eastern and Chatham Railway Company are offering special facilities to travellers visiting the Riviera. By their route via Dover and Calais the terrors of the Channel crossing are reduced to a minimum, since the sea-passage is accomplished in the short space of one hour. Full particulars may be obtained on application to the Continental Inquiry Office, S.-E. and C.R., Victoria Station, S.W.

Where to dine is a question which perplexes not only many a visitor to London Town, but also not a few of its inhabitants. Those whose peregrinations take them Westward cannot do better than wend their way to the Pall Mall Restaurant, in the Haymarket. Here they will find the entertainment of the best, the perfection of cookery being combined with deft service and the most moderate prices. The Pall Mall Restaurant *table d'hôte* is especially worthy of mention.

The *Outlook*, hitherto a threepenny paper, is about to join the ranks of the sixpennies, and, incidentally, its editor intends to make it worth its enhanced price. By a special subscription rate, however, it will be possible to have the paper delivered, post free, at about fourpence-halfpenny each copy. Many improvements have been initiated, and it is the editor's ambition to make his journal a representative of "that school of journalism which was at its best in the *Saturday Review* of the 'sixties." For its literary criticisms the *Outlook* is already highly valued, and in the future its policy in this particular, and also in regard to politics, will be to give its readers the very ablest expression of its views.

SMALL TALK ON THE BOULEVARDS.

RICHARD, you will be glad to hear, is quite himself again (writes our Paris Correspondent). The Richard in question, M. Georges Richard, is one of the *œdiles* of the little town of Le Mans, whence come the fat pullets which the Paris gourmets love, and it was he who raised Homeric laughter on the Boulevards not very long ago by his idea of taxing looking-glasses. The latest most ingenious scheme of Le Mans' most ingenious City Father is that the railway-station of the town he honours, and later, for mere shame, the railway-stations of all other towns in France, should receive more attention. He wishes Le Mans station to be cleaner, both on its walls and flooring, and he would like, he says, to see the advertisements therein harmoniously grouped. Further—and here the genius of the man peeps coyly out—he has proposed the organisation of a number of lady railway-station employees, whose duties it should be to answer questions as to the hour of trains and platforms whence they start, to take charge of smaller baggage, help ladies and children across the lines, and make themselves generally useful. They should also look after the waiting-room, and should wear a grey uniform with a white apron, and a cap emblazoned with the Arms of the Company. An extra charge of a halfpenny on every railway-ticket would, M. Richard thinks, suffice to pay these ladies' salaries, and the

"gazelles," as he suggests they should be called, would obviate the far too frequent calling away from their more necessary duties of the male employés of the Companies. The *œdile* of Le Mans must be an excellent companion for a dull, grey day.

All Paris is talking, and for some time to come will talk, of the performance of "King Lear" at the Théâtre Antoine, of which the *répétition générale* took place last Tuesday. It has been wonderfully staged, the whole of Shakspeare's eight-and-twenty

scenes being given in their integrity, and, by the aid of a proscenium curtain such as Shakspeare himself used at the first performance of "King Lear" on Boxing Night, 1606, scene follows scene without a break, the only entr'actes being those between the Acts as Shakspeare had arranged them. The play is literally translated into French by MM. Pierre Loti and Emile Vedel, and, as all record of the music Shakspeare used has, it appears, been lost, new incidental music has been written by Edmond Missa. The scenery, where the proscenium curtain is not called into play to hide the changes of it, is above all praise.

His Majesty the King of Portugal honoured Messrs. Winsor and Newton's establishment in Rathbone Place, Oxford Street, with a visit on Saturday morning.

It is only a few months since the scheme for making the "Underground" Railways "clean, cheap, and fast" was looked upon by many people as impossible. Now, however, it may be said to be an accomplished fact, and soon the sulphur-laden atmosphere and the cramped and stuffy compartments will be things of the past. Want of space precludes much in the way of description, but it may be briefly stated that the Metropolitan Railway will soon possess the most up-to-date system of electric haulage in existence. In the recent trial-trip from Neasden to Uxbridge the journey of some eleven and a-half miles was accomplished in about twenty-two minutes, without the slightest hitch, and the train ran with great smoothness. The rolling-stock is of a sumptuous character, the cars being beautifully upholstered and every provision having been made to guard against fire. The floor is of steel, covered with a non-combustible cement, the roof is of asbestos, and the sides, though to all appearance of polished teak, are also of steel. The cars are brilliantly illuminated and heated by electricity, and each is constructed to seat forty-nine passengers.

Ariston de luxe

THE TOBACCO LEAVES THE "ARISTON DE LUXE"

Cigarettes are made from (by Muratti, Ltd.) are the finest picked Dubec Turkish. They are the choicest of Cigarettes, and are greatly prized by those gentlemen who have visited Turkey and the East. The *Illustrated London News* of Nov. 26, 1904, says: "They are of extreme softness of flavour, a quality rarely obtainable; also delightful fragrance and aroma, and, unlike many other brands, will not irritate the throat." A Sample Box of 20 sent Post Free for 1/10; or a Box of 100, 8/6, by the Agents, BEWLAY & CO., Tobaccoists to the Royal Family, 49, Strand, W.C. Est. 1780.

N.B.—Being packed in very choice boxes, they make excellent Yuletide Gifts.

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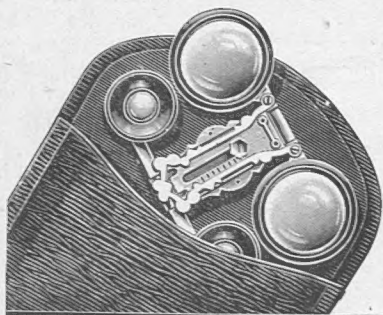
The extraordinary success and popularity of the "ANGE" US are the best proofs of its superiority.

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Purchased by Royalty and the Greatest Musicians.

The "Angelus" is the only **Piano-Player** with **Orchestral Organ Combination**, or may be obtained as **Piano-Player only**. **Deferred Payments arranged if desired. Discounts for Cash.** You are invited to write for our No. 4 Catalogue, or call to see the "ANGELUS."

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Just right for your pocket.

Opera-glasses are essential to the theatre goer, but they are just one of those trifles with which the average man hates to be burdened, and which the average woman invariably forgets. The

"REX" Opera Glasses

fold flat and occupy no more room in your pocket than a letter. They are easy to carry, light to hold and equal in effect to the most costly glasses you can buy. The sixpences saved in the hire of glasses will soon pay for their cost.

Tested achromatic lenses of the finest quality, instantly focussed by means of a sliding scale and fixed. Fine nickel frame, with enamelled eye-pieces. The whole thing when folded is only 3/8 inch thick. Neat, compact and elegant. Supplied in handsome crushed Morocco, silk-lined cases.


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Lorgnette (with long handle) for a lady, 15/-

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NEW. USEFUL. CHARMING

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PATENTED.
ALWAYS AT YOUR SERVICE.



Can be instantly raised, lowered, revolved, or tilted either way. Extends over bed, couch, or chair without touching it. An ideal Table for reading or taking meals in bed with ease and comfort. Change of position is effected simply by pressing the patent push-button at the top of standard. The height of Table can be adjusted at any point from 29 in. to 46 in. from floor. The top is 27 in. long by 18 in. wide, and is always in alignment with the base. It cannot swing round or over-balance. A modern Home Comfort instantly adjustable to a score or more of convenient uses, such as Reading Stand, Writing Table, Bed Rest, Sewing or Work Table, Music Stand, Easel, Card Table, and numerous other purposes of emergency and occasional character that are continually occurring in every household.

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The only player which affords a "direct personal touch."



You can do everything with the Simplex that you can do with other players—
BUT YOU DO IT MORE EASILY.

Price £52 net.
Easy Terms of Payment can be arranged. Illustrated Catalogue No. 11 Post Free on application.
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PIANO-PLAYER.

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STAND SUPREME



THE WEST END CHUBBY

The Highest Grade Pipes Produced.

The "Chubby" Pipes are the favourite shape of the moment. Newman's "Chubby" Pipes are made from the finest Bruyère Briars, smoking cool and sweet from first to last. They have large bores and are selected for even grain and freedom from defects.

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Vulcanite or Horn Mouthpiece 3/- each
Manufactured Amber (in Case) 7/6
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Perfect Quality and Finish.

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SOLD EVERYWHERE

THE
MELROSE
WHISKY

SPECIAL 3/6 PER BOTTLE
LIQUEUR 4/- " "

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HINDE'S
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SAVERS. **WAVERS**

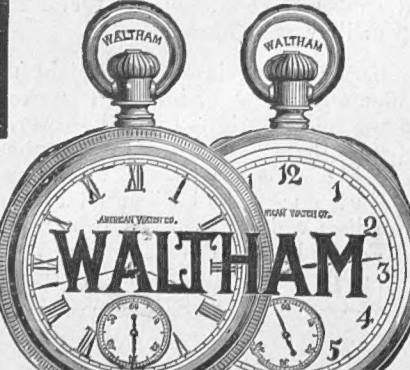
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GANESH FOREHEAD STRAP (Patent), removes lines from the forehead and corners of the eyes, £1 5s. 6d.



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SPECIAL BOOK ON THE TAPY TREATMENT for tired, lined eyes, with box containing Ganesh Oil, Diabetic Tonic, Eastern Cream, Eye Bandlettes, Strengthening Drops for weak eyes, etc., complete, £1 10s. 6d.

GANESH EASTERN CREAM, the greatest skin food in the world; made up to suit all skins; contains a little of the Oil, 6s. 6d.

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ANTISEPTIC ELECTROLYSIS for the removal of superfluous hairs. Permanent and painless to the most sensitive skins.

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